

THE  
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Herbé Viel.

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1.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France !  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

2.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase ;  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, *Damfreville* ;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all ;  
And they signalled to the place  
" Help the winners of a race !  
" Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,  
" Here's the English can and will ! "

3.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board ;  
" Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ? " laughed they :  
" Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,  
" Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns  
" Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
" Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
" And with flow at full beside ?  
" Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.  
" Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
" While rock stands or water runs,  
" Not a ship will leave the bay ! "

## 4.

Then was called a council straight ;  
Brief and bitter the debate :

" Here 's the English at our heels ; would you have them take in tow

" All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

" For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

" Better run the ships aground ! "

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

" Not a minute more to wait !

" Let the Captains all and each

" Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach !

" France must undergo her fate."

## 5.

" Give the word ! " But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard :

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these

—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first, second, third ?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

## 6.

And " What mockery or malice have we here ? " cries Hervé Riel :

" Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues ?

" Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

" On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

" Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues ?

" Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the lying 's for ?

" Morn and eve, night and day,

" Have I piloted your bay,

" Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

" Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were worse than fifty Hogues !

" Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe me there 's a way !

" Only let me lead the line,

" Have the biggest ship to steer,

" Get this *Formidable* clear,

" Make the others follow mine,

" And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

" Right to Solidor past Grève,

" And there lay them safe and sound ;

" And if one ship misbehave,

" —Keel so much as grate the ground,

" Why, I 've nothing but my life,—here 's my head ! " cries Hervé Riel.

## 7.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great !

"Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !" cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place !

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock.

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past,

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" —sure as fate,

Up the English come, too late.

## 8.

So, the storm subsides to calm :

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève :

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

"Let the English rake the bay,

"Gnash their teeth and glare askance

"As they cannonade away !

"'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell !

"Let France, let France's King

"Thank the man that did the thing !"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel,"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

## 9.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

"I must speak out at the end,

" Though I find the speaking hard :  
 " Praise is deeper than the lips :  
 " You have saved the King his ships,  
 " You must name your own reward.  
 " 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !  
 " Demand whate'er you will,  
 " France remains your debtor still.  
 " Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not Damfreville."

## 10.

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :  
 " Since I needs must say my say,  
 " Since on board the duty's done,  
 " And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run ?—  
 " Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
 " Since the others go ashore—  
 " Come ! A good whole holiday !  
 " Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore !"  
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

## 11.

Name and deed alike are lost :  
 Not a pillar nor a post  
     In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;  
 Not a head in white and black  
 On a single fishing-smack,  
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
     All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.  
 Go to Paris ; rank on rank  
     Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
 On the Louvre, face and flank ;  
     You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.  
 So, for better and for worse,  
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !  
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

*Croisic, Sept. 30, 1867.*



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KATE, STILL DREAMED, HAD THROWN HERSELF ON THE BED, AND WAS SOUND ASLEEP.

## Lord Kilgobbin.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### A DOMESTIC DISCUSSION.



It is a not infrequent distress in small households, especially when some miles from a market town, to make adequate preparation for an unexpected guest at dinner; but even this is a very inferior difficulty to that experienced by those who have to order the repast in conformity with certain rigid notions of a guest who will criticise the smallest deviation from the most humble standard, and actually rebuke the slightest pretension to delicacy of food or elegance of table equipage.

No sooner, then, had Kate learned that Miss O'Shea was to remain for dinner, than she immediately set herself to think over all the possible reductions that might be made in the fare, and all the plainness and simplicity that could be imparted to the service of the meal.

Napkins had not been the sole reform suggested by the Greek cousin. She had introduced flowers on the table, and so artfully had she decked out the board with fruit and ornamental plants, that she had succeeded in effecting by artifice what would have been an egregious failure if more openly attempted—the service of the dishes one by one to the guests, without any being placed on the table. These, with finger-glasses, she had already achieved, nor had she in the recesses of her heart given up the hope of seeing the day that her uncle would rise from the table as she did, give her his arm to the drawing-room, and bow profoundly as he left her. Of the inestimable advantages, social, intellectual, and moral, of this system, she had indeed been cautious to hold forth; for, like a great reformer, she was satisfied to leave her improvements to the slow test of

time, "educating her public," as a great authority has called it, while she bided the result in patience.

Indeed, as poor Maurice Kearney was not to be indulged with the luxury of whisky-punch during his dinner, it was not easy to reply to his question, "When am I to have my tumbler?" as though he evidently believed the aforesaid "tumbler" was an institution that could not be abrogated or omitted altogether.

Coffee in the drawing-room was only a half success so long as the gentlemen sat over their wine; and as for the daily cigarette Nina smoked with it, Kate, in her simplicity, believed it was only done as a sort of protest at being deserted by those unnatural protectors who preferred poteen to ladies.

It was therefore in no small perturbation of mind that Kate rushed to her cousin's room with the awful tidings that Miss Betty had arrived and intended to remain for dinner.

"Do you mean the odious woman with the boy and handbox behind her on horseback?" asked Nina, superciliously.

"Yes, she always travels in that fashion; she is odd and eccentric in scores of things, but a fine-hearted, honest woman, generous to the poor, and true to her friends."

"I don't care for her moral qualities, but I do bargain for a little outward decency, and some respect for the world's opinion."

"You will like her, Nina, when you know her."

"I shall profit by the warning. I'll take care not to know her."

"She is one of the oldest, I believe the oldest, friend our family has in the world."

"What a sad confession, child; but I have always deplored longevity."

"Don't be supercilious or sarcastic, Nina, but help me with your own good sense and wise advice. She has not come over in the best of humours. She has, or fancies she has, some difference to settle with papa. They seldom meet without a quarrel, and I fear this occasion is to be no exception; so, do aid me to get things over pleasantly if it be possible."

"She snubbed me the only time I met her. I tried to help her off with her bonnet, and, unfortunately, I displaced, if I did not actually remove, her wig, and she muttered something 'about a rope-dancer not being a dexterous lady's-maid.'"

"Oh, Nina, surely you do not mean ——"

"Not that I was exactly a rope-dancer, Kate, but I had on a Greek jacket that morning of blue velvet and gold, and a white skirt, and perhaps these had some memories of the circus for the old lady."

"You are only jesting now, Nina."

"Don't you know me well enough to know that I never jest when I think, or even suspect, I am injured?"

"Injured!"

"It's not the word I wanted, but it will do; I used it in its French sense."

"You bear her no malice, I'm sure?" said the other, caressingly.

"No!" replied she, with a shrug that seemed to deprecate even having a thought about her.

"She will stay for dinner, and we must, as far as possible, receive her in the way she has been used to here, a very homely dinner, served as she has always seen it—no fruit or flowers on the table, no claret-cup, no finger-glasses."

"I hope no tablecloth; couldn't we have a tray on a corner table, and every one help himself as he strolled about the room?"

"Dear Nina, be reasonable just for this once."

"I'll come down just as I am, or better still, I'll take down my hair and cram it into a net; I'd oblige her with dirty hands, if I only knew how to do it."

"I see you only say these things in jest; you really do mean to help me through this difficulty."

"But why a difficulty? what reason can you offer for all this absurd submission to the whims of a very tiresome old woman? Is she very rich, and do you expect an heritage?"

"No, no; nothing of the kind."

"Does she load you with valuable presents? Is she ever ready to commemorate birthdays and family festivals?"

"No."

"Has she any especial quality or gift beyond riding double and a bad temper? Oh, I was forgetting; she is the aunt of her nephew, isn't she?—the dashing lancer that was to spend his summer over here?"

"You were indeed forgetting when you said this," said Kate, proudly, and her face grew scarlet as she spoke.

"Tell me that you like him or that he likes you; tell me that there is something, anything, between you, child, and I'll be discreet and mannerly, too; and more, I'll behave to the old lady with every regard to one who holds such dear interests in her keeping. But don't bandage my eyes, and tell me at the same time to look out and see."

"I have no confidences to make you," said Kate, coldly. "I came here to ask a favour—a very small favour, after all—and you might have accorded it, without question or ridicule."

"But which you never need have asked, Kate," said the other, gravely. "You are the mistress here; I am but a very humble guest. Your orders are obeyed, as they ought to be; my suggestions may be adopted now and then—partly in caprice, part compliment—but I know they have no permanence, no more take root here than—than myself."

"Do not say that, my dearest Nina," said Kate, as she threw herself on her neck, and kissed her affectionately again and again. "You are one of us, and we are all proud of it. Come along with me, now, and tell me all that you advise. You know what I wish, and you will forgive me even in my stupidity."

"Where's your brother?" asked Nina, hastily.

"Gone out with his gun. He'll not be back till he is certain Miss Betty has taken her departure."

"Why did he not offer to take me with him?"

"Over the bog, do you mean?"

"Anywhere; I'd not cavil about the road. Don't you know that I have days when 'don't care' masters me. When I'd do anything, go anywhere——"

"Marry any one?" said the other, laughing.

"Yes; marry any one, as irresponsibly as if I was dealing with the destiny of some other that did not regard me. On these days I do not belong to myself, and this is one of them."

"I know nothing of such humours, Nina; nor do I believe it a healthy mind that has them."

"I did not boast of my mind's health, nor tell you to trust to it. Come, let us go down to the dinner-room, and talk that pleasant leg-of-mutton talk you know you are fond of."

"And best fitted for, say that," said Kate, laughing merrily.

The other did not seem to have heard her words, for she moved slowly away, calling on Kate to follow her.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### A SMALL DINNER-PARTY.

It is sad to have to record that all Kate's persuasions with her cousin, all her own earnest attempts at conciliation, and her ably-planned schemes to escape a difficulty, were only so much labour lost. A stern message from her father commanded her to make no change either in the house or the service of the dinner—an interference with domestic cares so novel on his part as to show that he had prepared himself for hostilities, and was resolved to meet his enemy boldly.

"It's no use, all I have been telling you, Nina," said Kate, as she re-entered her room, later in the day. "Papa orders me to have everything as usual, and won't even let me give Miss Betty an early dinner, though he knows she has nine miles of a ride to reach home."

"That explains somewhat a message he has sent myself," replied Nina, "to wear my very prettiest toilette and my Greek cap, which he admired so much the other day."

"I am almost glad that my wardrobe has nothing attractive," said Kate, half sadly. "I certainly shall never be rebuked for my becomingness."

"And do you mean to say that the old woman would be rude enough to extend her comments to me?"

"I have known her do things quite as hardy, though I hope on the present occasion the other novelties may shelter you."

"Why isn't your brother here? I should insist on his coming down in discreet black, with a white tie and that look of imposing solemnity young Englishmen assume for dinner."

"Dick guessed what was coming, and would not encounter it."

"And yet you tell me you submit to all this for no earthly reason. She can leave you no legacy, contribute in no way to your benefit. She has neither family, fortune, nor connections; and, except her atrocious manners and her indomitable temper, there is not a trait of her that claims to be recorded."

"Oh, yes; she rides capitably to hounds, and hunts her own harriers to perfection."

"I am glad she has one quality that deserves your favour."

"She has others, too, which I like better than what they call accomplishments. She is very kind to the poor, never deterred by any sickness from visiting them, and has the same stout-hearted courage for every casualty in life."

"A commendable gift for a Squaw, but what does a Gentlewoman want with this same courage?"

"Look out of the window, Nina, and see where you are living! Throw your eyes over that great expanse of dark bog, vast as one of the great campagnas you have often described to us, and bethink you how mere loneliness—desolation—needs a stout heart to bear it; how the simple fact that for the long hours of a summer's day, or the longer hours of a winter's night, a lone woman has to watch and think of all the possible casualties lives of hardship and misery may impel men to. Do you imagine that she does not mark the growing discontent of the people? see their care-worn looks, dashed with a sullen determination, and hear in their voices the rising of a hoarse defiance that was never heard before? Does she not well know that every kindness she has bestowed, every merciful act she has ministered, would weigh for nothing in the balance on the day that she will be arraigned as a landowner—the receiver of the poor man's rent! And will you tell me after this she can dispense with courage?"

"*Bel paese davvero!*" muttered the other.

"So it is," cried Kate; "with all its faults I'd not exchange it for the brightest land that ever glittered in a southern sun. But why should I tell you how jarred and disconcerted we are by laws that have no reference to our ways,—conferring rights where we were once contented with trustfulness, and teaching men to do everything by contract, and nothing by affection, nothing by good-will."

"No, no, tell me none of all these; but tell me shall I come down in my Suliote jacket of yellow cloth, for I know it becomes me?"

"And if we women had not courage," went on Kate, not heeding the question, "what would our men do? Should we see them lead lives of bolder daring than the stoutest wanderer in Africa?"

"And my jacket, and my Theban belt?"



"Wear them all. Be as beautiful as you like, but don't be late for dinner." And Kate hurried away before the other could speak.

When Miss O'Shea, arrayed in a scarlet poplin and a yellow gauze turban—the month being August—arrived in the drawing-room before dinner, she found no one there,—a circumstance that chagrined her so far that she had hurried her toilette and torn one of her gloves in her haste. "When they say six for the dinner-hour they might surely be in the drawing-room by that hour," was Miss Betty's reflection as she turned over some of the magazines and circulating-library books which since Nina's arrival had found their way to Kilgobbin. The contemptuous manner in which she treated *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*, and the indignant dash with which she flung Trollope's last novel down, showed that she had not been yet corrupted by the light reading of the age. An unopened county newspaper, addressed to the Viscount Kilgobbin, had however absorbed all her attention, and she was more than half disposed to possess herself of the envelope when Mr. Kearney entered.

His bright blue coat and white waistcoat, a profusion of shirt-frill, and a voluminous cravat proclaimed dinner dress, and a certain pomposity of manner showed how an unusual costume had imposed on himself, and suggested an important event.

"I hope I see Miss O'Shea in good health?" said he, advancing.

"How are you, Maurice?" replied she, drily. "When I heard that big bell thundering away, I was so afraid to be late that I came down with one bracelet, and I have torn my glove too."

"It was only the first bell—the dressing bell," he said.

"Humph! That's something new since I was here last," said she, tartly.

"You remind me of how long it is since you dined with us, Miss O'Shea."

"Well, indeed, Maurice, I meant to be longer, if I must tell the truth. I saw enough the last day I lunched here to show me Kilgobbin was not what it used to be. You were all of you what my poor father—who was always thinking of the dogs—used to call "on your hind legs," walking about very stately and very miserable. There were three or four covered dishes on the table that nobody tasted; and an old man, in red breeches, ran about in half distraction, and said, 'Sherry, my lord, or Madeira.' Many's the time I laughed over it since." And, as though to vouch for the truth of the mirthfulness, she lay back in her chair, and shook with hearty laughter.

Before Kearney could reply—for something like a passing apoplexy had arrested his words—the girls entered, and made their salutations.

"If I had the honour of knowing you longer, Miss Costigan," said Miss O'Shea—for it was thus she translated the name *Kostalergi*—"I'd ask you why you couldn't dress like your cousin Kate. It may be all very well in the house, and it's safe enough here, there's no denying it; but my name's not Betty if you'd walk down Kilbeggin without a crowd yelling



after you and calling names too, that a respectable young woman wouldn't bargain for; eh, Maurice, is that true?"

"There's the dinner-bell now," said Maurice; "may I offer my arm?"

"It's thin enough that arm is getting, Maurice Kearney," said she, as he walked along at her side. "Not but it's time, too. You were born in the September of 1809, though your mother used to deny it; and you're now a year older than your father was when he died."

"Will you take this place?" said Kearney, placing her chair for her. "We're a small party to-day. I see Dick does not dine with us."

"Maybe I hunted him away. The young gentlemen of the present day are frank enough to say what they think of old maids. That's very elegant, and I'm sure it's refined," said she, pointing to the mass of fruit and flowers so tastefully arranged before her. "But I was born in a time when people liked to see what they were going to eat, Maurice Kearney, and as I don't intend to break my fast on a stock-gilly-flower, or make a repast of raisins, I prefer the old way. Fill up my glass whenever it's empty," said she to the servant, "and don't bother me with the name of it. As long as I know the King's County, and that's more than fifty years, we've been calling Cape Madeira, Sherry!"

"If we know what we are drinking, Miss O'Shea, I don't suppose it matters much."

"Nothing at all, Maurice. Calling you the Viscount Kilgobbin, as I read a while ago, won't confuse me about an old neighbour."

"Won't you try a cutlet, godmother?" asked Kate, hurriedly.

"Indeed, I will, my dear. I don't know why I was sending the man away. I never saw this way of dining before, except at the Poorhouse, where each poor creature has his plateful given him, and pockets what he can't eat." And here she laughed long and heartily at the conceit.

Kearney's good-humour relished the absurdity, and he joined in the laugh, while Nina stared at the old woman as an object of dread and terror.

"And that boy that wouldn't dine with us. How is he turning out, Maurice? They tell me he's a bit of a scamp."

"He's no such thing, godmother. Dick is as good a fellow and as right-minded as ever lived, and you yourself would be the first to say it, if you saw him," cried Kate, angrily.

"So would the young lady yonder, if I might judge from her blushes," said Miss Betty, looking at Nina. "Not indeed but it's only now I'm remembering that you're not a boy. That little red cap and that thing you wear round your throat deceived me."

"It is not the lot of every one to be so fortunate in a head-dress as Miss O'Shea," said Nina, very calmly.

"If it's my wig you are envying me, my dear," replied she, quietly, "there's nothing easier than to have the own brother of it. It was made by Crimp, of Nassau Street, and box and all cost four pound twelve."

"Upon my life, Miss Betty," broke in Kearney, "you are tempting

me to an extravagance." And he passed his hand over his sparsely-covered head as he spoke.

"And I would not, if I was you, Maurice Kearney," said she, resolutely. "They tell me that in that House of Lords you are going to, more than half of them are bald."

There was no possible doubt that she meant by this speech to deliver a challenge, and Kate's look, at once imploring and sorrowful, appealed to her for mercy.

"No, thank you," said Miss Betty, to the servant who presented a dish, "though indeed, maybe, I'm wrong, for I don't know what's coming."

"This is the 'menu,'" said Nina, handing a card to her.

"The bill of fare, godmother," said Kate, hastily.

"Well, indeed, it's a kindness to tell me, and if there is any more novelties to follow, perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me, for I never dined in the Greek fashion before."

"The Russian, I believe, madam, not the Greek," said Nina.

"With all my heart, my dear. It's about the same, for whatever may happen to Maurice Kearney or myself, I don't suspect either of us will go to live at Moscow."

"You'll not refuse a glass of port with your cheese?" said Kearney.

"Indeed I will, then, if there's any beer in the house, though perhaps it's too vulgar a liquor to ask for."

While the beer was being brought, a solemn silence ensued, and a less comfortable party could not easily be imagined.

When the interval had been so far prolonged that Kearney himself saw the necessity to do something, he placed his napkin on the table, leaned forward with a half motion of rising, and, addressing Miss Betty, said, "Shall we adjourn to the drawing-room, and take our coffee?"

"I'd rather stay where I am, Maurice Kearney, and have that glass of port you offered me a while ago, for the beer was flat. Not that I'll detain the young people, nor keep yourself away from them very long."

When the two girls withdrew, Nina's look of insolent triumph at Kate betrayed the tone she was soon to take in treating of the old lady's good manners.

"You had a very sorry dinner, Miss Betty, but I can promise you an honest glass of wine," said Kearney, filling her glass.

"It's very nice," said she, sipping it, "though, maybe, like myself, it's just a trifle too old."

"A good fault, Miss Betty, a good fault."

"For the wine, perhaps," said she drily, "but maybe it would taste better if I had not bought it so dearly."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I was about to say that I have forfeited that young lady's esteem by the way I obtained it. She'll never forgive me, instead of retiring for my coffee, sitting here like a man—and a man of that old hard-drinking school, Maurice, that has brought all the ruin on Ireland."

"Here's to their memory, any way," said Kearney, drinking off his glass.

"I'll drink no toasts nor sentiments, Maurice Kearney; and there's no artifice or roguery will make me forget I'm a woman and an O'Shea."

"Faix, you'll not catch me forgetting either," said Maurice, with a droll twinkle of his eye, which it was just as fortunate escaped her notice.

"I doubted for a long time, Maurice Kearney, whether I'd come over myself, or whether I'd write you a letter; not that I'm good at writing, but, somehow, one can put their ideas more clear, and say things in a way that will fix them more in the mind: but at last I determined I'd come, though it's more than likely it's the last time Kilgobbin will see me here."

"I sincerely trust you are mistaken, so far."

"Well, Maurice, I'm not often mistaken! The woman that has managed an estate for more than forty years, been her own land-steward and her own law-agent, doesn't make a great many blunders; and, as I said before, if Maurice has no friend to tell him the truth among the men of his acquaintance, it's well that there is a woman to the fore, who has courage and good sense to go up and do it."

She looked fixedly at him, as though expecting some concurrence in the remark, if not some intimation to proceed; but neither came, and she continued.

"I suppose you don't read the Dublin newspapers?" said she, civilly.

"I do, and every day the post brings them."

"You see, therefore, without my telling you, what the world is saying about you. You see how they treat 'the search for arms,' as they head it, and 'the maid of Saragossa!' Oh, Maurice Kearney! Maurice Kearney! whatever happened the old stock of the land, they never made themselves ridiculous."

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" asked he, with assumed calm.

"Done! Why, it's only beginning I am," cried she. "Not but I'd bear a deal of blackguarding from the press, as the old woman said when the soldier threatened to run his bayonet through her: 'Devil thank you, it's only your trade.' But when we come to see the head of an old family making ducks and drakes of his family property, threatening the old tenants that have been on the land as long as his own people, raising the rent here, evicting there, distressing the people's minds when they've just as much as they can to bear up with—then, it's time for an old friend and neighbour to give a timely warning, and cry 'stop.'"

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" And now his voice was more stern than before.

"I have not, nor near done, Maurice Kearney. I've said nothing of the way you're bringing up your family—that son, in particular—to make him think himself a young man of fortune, when you know, in your heart, you'll leave him little more than the mortgages on the estate. I have not

told you that it's one of the jokes of the capital to call him the Honourable Dick Kearney, and to ask him after his father the viscount."

"You haven't done yet, Miss O'Shea?" said he, now with a thickened voice.

"No, not yet," replied she, calmly; "not yet; for I'd like to remind you of the way you're behaving to the best of the whole of you—the only one, indeed, that's worth much in the family—your daughter Kate."

"Well, what have I done to wrong *her*?" said he, carried beyond his prudence by so astounding a charge.

"The very worst you could do, Maurice Kearney; the only mischief it was in your power, maybe. Look at the companion you have given her! Look at the respectable young lady you've brought home to live with your decent child!"

"You'll not stop?" cried he, almost choking with passion.

"Not till I've told you why I came here, Maurice Kearney; for I'd beg you to understand it was no interest about yourself or your doings brought me. I came to tell you that I mean to be free about an old contract we once made—that I revoke it all. I was fool enough to believe that an alliance between our families would have made me entirely happy, and my nephew Gorman O'Shea was brought up to think the same. I have lived to know better, Maurice Kearney: I have lived to see that we don't suit each other at all, and I have come here to declare to you formally that it's all off. No nephew of mine shall come here for a wife. The heir to Shea's Barn shan't bring the mistress of it out of Kilgobbin Castle."

"Trust *me* for that, old lady," cried he, forgetting all his good manners in his violent passion.

"You'll be all the freer to catch a young aide-de-camp from the Castle," said she, sneeringly; "or maybe, indeed, a young lord—a rank equal to your own."

"Haven't you said enough?" screamed he, wild with rage.

"No, nor half, or you wouldn't be standing there, wringing your hands with passion, and your hair bristling like a porcupine. You'd be at my feet, Maurice Kearney—ay, at my feet."

"So I would, Miss Betty," chimed he in, with a malicious grin, "if I was only sure you'd be as cruel as the last time I knelt there. Oh dear! oh dear! and to think that I once wanted to marry that woman!"

"That you did! You'd have put your hand in the fire to win her."

"By my conscience, I'd have put myself altogether there, if I had won her."

"You understand now, sir," said she, haughtily, "that there's no more between us."

"Thank God for the same!" ejaculated he, fervently.

"And that no nephew of mine comes courting a daughter of yours?"

"For his own sake, he'd better not."

"It's for his own sake I intend it, Maurice Kearney. It's of himself

I'm thinking. And now thanking you for the pleasant evening I've passed, and your charming society, I'll take my leave."

"I hope you'll not rob us of your company till you take a dish of tea," said he, with well-feigned politeness.

"It's hard to tear one's self away, Mr. Kearney; but it's late already."

"Couldn't we induce you to stop the night, Miss Betty?" asked he, in a tone of insinuation. "Well, at least you'll let me ring to order your horse?"

"You may do that, if it amuses you, Maurice Kearney; but, meanwhile, I'll just do what I've always done in the same place—I'll just go look for my own beast and see her saddled myself; and as Peter Gill is leaving you to-morrow, I'll take him back with me to-night."

"Is he going to you?" cried he, passionately.

"He's going to me, Mr. Kearney, with your leave, or without it, I don't know which I like best." And with this she swept out of the room, while Kearney closed his eyes and lay back in his chair, stunned and almost stupefied.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

DICK KEARNEY walked the bog from early morning till dark without firing a shot. The snipe rose almost at his feet, and, wheeling in circles through the air, dipped again into some dark crevice of the waste, unnoticed by him! One thought only possessed, and never left him, as he went. He had overheard Nina's words to his sister, as he made his escape over the fence, and learned how she promised to "spare him;" and that if not worried about him, or asked to pledge herself, she should be "merciful," and not entangle the boy in a hopeless passion.

He would have liked to have scoffed at the insolence of this speech, and treated it as a trait of overweening vanity: he would have gladly accepted her pity as a sort of challenge, and said, "Be it so: let us see who will come safest out of this encounter," and yet he felt in his heart he could not.

First of all, her beauty had really dazzled him, and the thousand graces of a manner of which he had known nothing, captivated and almost bewildered him. He could not reply to her in the same tone he used to any other. If he fetched her a book or a chair, he gave it with a sort of deference that actually reacted on himself, and made him more gentle and more courteous, for the time. "What would this influence end in making me?" was his question to himself. "Should I gain in sentiment or feeling? Should I have higher and nobler aims? Should I be anything of that she herself described so glowingly, or should I only sink to a

weak desire to be her slave, and ask for nothing better than some slight recognition of my devotion? I take it, that she would say the choice lay with *her*, and that I should be the one or the other as she willed it, and though I would give much to believe her wrong, my heart tells me that I cannot. I came down here resolved to resist any influence she might attempt to have over me. Her likeness showed me how beautiful she was, but it could not tell me the dangerous fascination of her low liquid voice, her half playful, half-melancholy smile, and that bewitching walk, with all its stately grace, so that every fold as she moves sends its own thrill of ecstasy. And now that I know all these, see and feel them, I am told that to me they can bring no hope! That I am too poor, too ignoble, too undistinguished, to raise my eyes to such attraction. I am nothing, and must live and die nothing.

"She is candid enough, at all events. There is no rhapsody about her when she talks of poverty. She chronicles every stage of the misery, as though she had felt them all; and how unlike it she looks! There is an almost insolent well-being about her that puzzles me. She will not heed this, or suffer that, because it looks mean. Is this the subtle worship she offers Wealth, and is it thus she offers up her prayer to Fortune?

"But why should she assume I must be her slave?" cried he aloud, in a sort of defiance. "I have shown her no such preference, nor made any advances that would show I want to win her favour. Without denying that she is beautiful, is it so certain it is the kind of beauty I admire? She has scores of fascinations—I do not deny it; but should I say that I trust her? And if I should trust her, and love her too, where must it all end in? I do not believe in her theory that love will transform a fellow of my mould into a hero, not to say that I have my own doubt if she herself believes it. I wonder if Kate reads her more clearly? Girls so often understand each other by traits we have no clue to; and it was Kate who asked her, almost in tone of entreaty, 'to spare me,' to save me from a hopeless passion, just as though I were some peasant-boy who had set his affection on a princess. Is that the way, then, the world would read our respective conditions? The son of a ruined house or the guest of a beggared family leaves little to choose between! Kate—the world—would call my lot the better of the two. The man's chance is not irretrievable, at least such is the theory. Those half-dozen fellows, who in a century or so contrive to work their way up to something, make a sort of precedent, and tell the others what they might be if they but knew how.

"I'm not vain enough to suppose I am one of these, and it is quite plain that she does not think me so." He pondered long over this thought, and then suddenly cried aloud, "Is it possible she may read Joe Atlee in this fashion? is that the stuff out of which she hopes to make a hero?" There was more bitterness in this thought than he had first imagined, and there was that of jealousy in it, too, that pained him deeply.



Had she preferred either of the two Englishmen to himself, he could have understood and, in a measure, accepted it. They were, as he called them, "swells." They might become, he knew not what. The career of the Saxon in fortune was a thing incommensurable by Irish ideas; but Joe was like himself, or in reality less than himself, in worldly advantages.

This pang of jealousy was very bitter; but still it served to stimulate him and rouse him from a depression that was gaining fast upon him. It is true he remembered she had spoken slightly of Joe Atlee. Called him noisy, pretentious, even vulgar; snubbed him openly on more than one occasion, and seemed to like to turn the laugh against him; but with all that she had sung duets with him, corrected some Italian verses he wrote, and actually made a little sketch in his note-book for him as a souvenir. A souvenir! and of what? Not of the ridicule she had turned upon him! not the jest she had made upon his boastfulness. Now which of these two did this argue; was this levity, or was it falsehood? Was she so little mindful of honesty that she would show these signs of favour to one she held most cheaply, or was it that her distaste to this man was mere pretence, and only assumed to deceive others.

After all, Joe Atlee was a nobody; flattery might call him an adventurer, but he was not even so much. Amongst the men of the dangerous party he mixed with he was careful never to compromise himself. He might write the songs of rebellion, but he was little likely to tamper with treason itself. So much he would tell her when he got back. Not angrily, nor passionately, for that would betray him and disclose his jealousy, but in the tone of a man revealing something he regretted—confessing to the blemish of one he would have liked better to speak well of. There was not, he thought, anything unfair in this. He was but warning her against a man who was unworthy of her. Unworthy of her! What words could express the disparity between them. Not but if she liked him—and this he said with a certain bitterness—or thought she liked him, the disproportion already ceased to exist.

Hour after hour of that long summer day he walked, revolving such thoughts as these; all his conclusions tending to the one point, that *he* was not the easy victim she thought him, and that, come what might, *he* should not be offered up as a sacrifice to her worship of Joe Atlee.

"There is nothing would gratify the fellow's vanity," thought he, "like a successful rivalry of him! Tell him he was preferred to me, and he would be ready to fall down and worship whoever had made the choice."

By dwelling on all the possible and impossible issues of such an attachment, he had at length convinced himself of its existence, and even more, persuaded himself to fancy it was something to be regretted and grieved over for worldly considerations, but not in any way regarded as personally unpleasant.

As he came in sight of home and saw a light in the small tower where Kate's bedroom lay, he determined he would go up to his sister and tell

her so much of his mind as he believed was finally settled, and in such a way as would certainly lead her to repeat it to Nina.

"Kate shall tell her that if I have left her suddenly and gone back to Trinity to keep my term, I have not fled the field in a moment of faint-heartedness. I do not deny her beauty. I do not disparage one of her attractions, and she has scores of them. I will not even say that when I have sat beside her, heard her low soft voice, and watched the tremor of that lovely mouth vibrating with wit, or tremulous with feeling, I have been all indifference; but this I will say, she shall not number *me* amongst the victims of her fascinations; and when she counts the trinkets on her wrist that record the hearts she has broken—a pastime I once witnessed—not one of them shall record the initial of Dick Kearney."

With these brave words he mounted the narrow stair and knocked at his sister's door. No answer coming, he knocked again, and after waiting a few seconds he slowly opened the door and saw that Kate, still dressed, had thrown herself on her bed, and was sound asleep. The table was covered with account-books and papers: tax receipts, law notices, and tenants' letters lay littered about, showing what had been the task she was last engaged on; and her heavy breathing told the exhaustion which it had left behind it.

"I wish I could help her with her work," muttered he to himself, as a pang of self-reproach shot through him. This certainly should have been his own task rather than hers; the question was, however, Could he have done it? And this doubt increased as he looked over the long column of tenants' names, whose holdings varied in every imaginable quantity of acres, roods, and perches. Besides these there were innumerable small details of allowances for this and compensation for that. This one had given so many days' horse-and-car hire at the bog; that other had got advances 'in seed-potatoes'; such a one had a claim for reduced rent, because the mill-race had overflowed and deluged his wheat-crop; such another had fed two pigs of "the lord's" and fattened them, while himself and his own were nigh starving.

Through an entire column there was not one case without its complication, either in the shape of argument for increased liability, or claim for compensation. It was makeshift everywhere, and Dick could not but ask himself whether any tenant on the estate really knew how far he was hopelessly in debt or a solvent man? It only needed Peter Gill's peculiar mode of collecting the moneys due, and recording the payment by the notched stick, to make the complication perfect; and there, indeed, upon the table, amid accounts, and bills, and sale-warrants, lay the memorable bits of wood themselves, as that worthy steward had deposited them before quitting his master's service.

Peter's character, too, written out in Kate's hand, and only awaiting her father's signature, was on the table—the first intimation Dick Kearney had that old Gill had quitted his post.

"All this must have occurred to-day," thought Dick: "there were no



evidences of these changes when I left this morning! Was it the back-water of my disgrace, I wonder, that has overwhelmed poor Gill?" thought he, "or can I detect Miss Betty's fine Roman hand in this incident?"

In proportion to the little love he bore Miss O'Shea, were his convictions the stronger that she was the cause of all mischief. She was one of those who took very "utilitarian" notions of his own career, and he bore her small gratitude for the solicitude. There were short sentences in pencil along the margin of the chief book in Kate's handwriting which could not fail to strike him as he read them, indicating as they did her difficulty, if not utter incapacity, to deal with the condition of the estate. Thus:

"There is no warranty for this concession. It cannot be continued."

—"The notice in this case was duly served, and Gill knows that it was to papa's generosity they were indebted for remaining."—"These arrears have never been paid, on that point I am positive!"—"Malone's holding was not fairly measured, he has a just claim to compensation, and shall have it."—"Hannigan's right to tenancy must not be disputed, but cannot be used as a precedent by others on the same part of the estate, and I will state why."—"More of Peter Gill's conciliatory policy! The Regans, for having been twice in gaol, and once indicted, and nearly convicted of Ribbonism, have established a claim to live rent-free! This I will promise to rectify."—"I shall make no more allowances for improvements without a guarantee, and a penalty besides on non-completion."

And last of all came these ominous words:—

"It will thus be seen that our rent-roll since '64 has been progressively decreasing, and that we have only been able to supply our expenses by sales of property. Dick must be spoken to on this, and at once."

Several entries had been already rubbed out, and it was clear that she had been occupied in the task of erasion on that very night. Poor girl! her sleep was the heavy repose of one utterly exhausted; and her closely clasped lips and corrugated brow showed in what frame of intense thought she had sunk to rest. He closed the book noiselessly, as he looked at her, replaced the various objects on the table, and rose to steal quietly away.

The accidental movement of a chair, however, startled her; she turned, and leaning on her elbow, she saw him as he tried to move away. "Don't go, Dick; don't go. I'm awake, and quite fresh again. Is it late?"

"It's not far from one o'clock," said he, half-roughly, to hide his emotion; for her worn and wearied features struck him now more forcibly than when she slept.

"And are you only returned now? How hungry you must be. Poor fellow—have you dined to-day?"

"Yes; I got to Owen Molloy's as they were straining the potatoes, and sat down with them, and ate very heartily, too."

"Weren't they proud of it? Won't they tell how the young lord shared their meal with them?"

"I don't think they are as cordial as they used to be, Kate; they did not talk so openly, nor seem at their ease, as I once knew them. And they did one thing significant enough in its way, that I did not like. They quoted the county newspaper twice or thrice when we talked of the land."

"I am aware of that, Dick; they have got other counsellors than their landlords now," said she mournfully, "and it is our own fault if they have."

"What, are you turning nationalist, Kitty?" said he, laughing.

"I was always a nationalist in one sense," said she, "and mean to continue so; but let us not get upon this theme. Do you know that Peter Gill has left us?"

"What, for America?"

"No; for 'O'Shea's Barn.' Miss Betty has taken him. She came here to-day to 'have it out' with papa, as she said; and she has kept her word. Indeed, not alone with him, but with all of us—even Nina did not escape."

"Insufferable old woman. What did she dare to say to Nina?"

"She got off the cheapest of us all, Dick," said she, laughing. "It was only some stupid remark she made her about looking like a boy, or being dressed like a rope-dancer. A small civility of this sort was her share of the general attention."

"And how did Nina take the insolence?"

"With great good temper, or good breeding. I don't know exactly which covered the indifference she displayed, till Miss Betty, when taking her leave, renewed the impertinence in the hall, by saying something about the triumphant success such a costume would achieve in the circus, when Nina curtsied, and said,—'I am charmed to hear you say so, madam, and shall wear it for my benefit; and, if I could only secure the appearance of yourself and your little groom, my triumph would be, indeed, complete.' I did not dare to wait for more, but hurried out to affect to busy myself with the saddle, and pretend that it was not tightly girthed."

"I'd have given twenty pounds, if I had it, to have seen the old woman's face. No one ever ventured before to pay her back with her own money."

"But I give you such a wrong version of it, Dick. I only convey the coarseness of the rejoinder, and I can give you no idea of the ineffable grace and delicacy which made her words sound like a humble apology. Her eyelids drooped as she curtsied, and when she looked up again, in a way that seemed humility itself, to have reproved her would have appeared downright cruelty."

"She is a finished coquette," said he, bitterly; "a finished coquette."

Kate made no answer, though he evidently expected one; and after waiting a while, he went on. "Not but her high accomplishments are clean thrown away in such a place as this, and amongst such people."

What chance of fitting exercise have they with my father or myself? Or is it on Joe Atlee she would try the range of her artillery?"

"Not so very impossible this, after all," muttered Kate, quietly.

"What, and is it to *that* her high ambitions tend? Is *he* the prize she would strive to win?"

"I can be no guide to you in this matter, Dick. She makes no confidences with me, and of myself I see nothing."

"You have, however, some influence over her."

"No; not much."

"I did not say much; but enough to induce her to yield to a strong entreaty, as when, for instance, you implored her to spare your brother—that poor fellow about to fall so hopelessly in love—"

"I'm not sure that my request did not come too late, after all," said she, with a laughing malice in her eye.

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted he, almost fiercely.

"Oh, I never bargained for what you might do in a moment of passion or resentment."

"There is neither one nor the other here. I am perfectly cool, calm, and collected, and I tell you this, that whoever your pretty Greek friend is to make a fool of, it shall not be Dick Kearney."

"It might be very nice fooling, all the same, Dick."

"I know—that is, I believe I know—what you mean. You have listened to some of those high heroics she ascends to in showing what the exaltation of a great passion can make of any man who has a breast capable of the emotion, and you want to see the experiment tried in its least favourable conditions, on a cold, soul-less, selfish fellow of my own order; but, take my word for it, Kate, it would prove a sheer loss of time to us both. Whatever she might make of me, it would not be a *hero*; and whatever I should strive for, it would not be her *love*."

"I don't think I'd say that if I were a man."

He made no answer to these words, but arose and walked the room with hasty steps. "It was not about these things I came here to talk to you, Kitty," said he earnestly. "I had my head full of other things, and now I cannot remember them. Only one occurs to me. Have you got any money? I mean a mere trifle—enough to pay my fare to town?"

"To be sure I have that much, Dick; but you are surely not going to leave us?"

"Yes. I suddenly remembered I must be up for the last day of term in Trinity. Knocking about here—I'll scarcely say amusing myself—I had forgotten all about it. Atlee used to jog my memory on these things when he was near me, and now, being away, I have contrived to let the whole escape me. You can help me, however, with a few pounds?"

"I have got five of my own, Dick; but if you want more—"

"No, no; I'll borrow the five of your own, and don't blend it with more, or I may cease to regard it as a debt of honour."

"And if you should, my poor dear Dick——"

"I'd be only pretty much what I have ever been, but scarcely wish to be any longer," and he added the last words in a whisper. "It's only to be a brief absence, Kitty," said he, kissing her; "so say good-by for me to the others, and that I shall be soon back again."

"Shall I kiss Nina for you, Dick?"

"Do; and tell her that I gave you the same commission for Miss O'Shea, and was grieved that both should have been done by deputy!"

And with this he hurried away.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A HAPHAZARD VICEROY.

WHEN the Government came into office, they were sorely puzzled where to find a Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. It is, unhappily, a post that the men most fitted for generally refuse, while the Cabinet is besieged by a class of applicants whose highest qualification is a taste for mock royalty combined with an encumbered estate.

Another great requisite, beside fortune and a certain amount of ability, was at this time looked for. The Premier was about, as newspapers call it, "to inaugurate a new policy," and he wanted a man who knew nothing about Ireland! Now, it might be carelessly imagined that here was one of those essentials very easily supplied. Any man frequenting club-life or dining out in town could have safely pledged himself to tell off a score or two of eligible viceroys, so far as this qualification went. The Minister, however, wanted more than mere ignorance: he wanted that sort of indifference on which a character for impartiality could so easily be constructed. Not alone a man unacquainted with Ireland, but actually incapable of being influenced by an Irish motive or affected by an Irish view of anything.

Good luck would have it that he met such a man at dinner. He was an ambassador at Constantinople, on leave from his post, and so utterly dead to Irish topics as to be uncertain whether O'Donovan Rossa was a Fenian or a Queen's counsel, and whether he whom he had read of as the "Lion of Judah" was the king of beasts or the Archbishop of Tuam!

The Minister was pleased with his new acquaintance, and talked much to him, and long. He talked well, and not the less well that his listener was a fresh audience, who heard everything for the first time, and with all the interest that attaches to a new topic. Lord Danesbury was, indeed, that "sheet of white paper" the head of the Cabinet had long been searching for, and he hastened to inscribe him with the characters he wished.

"You must go to Ireland for me, my lord," said the Minister. "I have met no one as yet so rightly imbued with the necessities of the situation. You must be our viceroy."

Now, though a very high post and with great surroundings, Lord Danesbury had no desire to exchange his position as an ambassador, even to become a Lord Lieutenant. Like most men who have passed their lives abroad, he grew to like the ways and habits of the Continent. He liked the easy indulgences in many things, he liked the cosmopolitanism that surrounds existence, and even in its littleness is not devoid of a certain breadth; and best of all he liked the vast interests at stake, the large questions at issue, the fortunes of States, the fate of Dynasties! To come down from the great game, as played by kings and kaisers, to the small traffic of a local government wrangling over a road-bill, or disputing over a harbour, seemed too horrible to confront, and he eagerly begged the Minister to allow him to return to his post, and not risk a hard-earned reputation on a new and untried career.

"It is precisely from the fact of its being new and untried I need you," was the reply, and his denial was not accepted.

Refusal was impossible; and, with all the reluctance a man consents to what his convictions are more opposed to even than his reasons, Lord Danesbury gave in, and accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland.

He was deferential to humility in listening to the great aims and noble conceptions of the mighty Minister, and pledged himself—as he could safely do—to become as plastic as wax in the powerful hands which were about to remodel Ireland.

He was gazetted in due course, went over to Dublin, made a State entrance, received the usual deputations, complimented every one, from the Provost of Trinity College to the Chief Commissioner of Pipewater; praised the coast, the corporation, and the city; declared that he had at length reached the highest goal of his ambition; entertained the high dignitaries at dinner, and the week after retired to his ancestral seat in North Wales, to recruit after his late fatigue, and throw off the effects of that damp, moist climate which already he fancied had affected him.

He had been sworn in with every solemnity of the occasion; he had sat on the throne of state, named the officers of his household, made a master of the horse, and a state steward, and a grand chamberlain; and, till stopped by hearing that he could not create ladies and maids of honour, he fancied himself every inch a king; but now that he had got over to the tranquil quietude of his mountain home, his thoughts went away to the old channels, and he began to dream of the Russians in the Balcan and the Greeks in Thessaly. Of all the precious schemes that had taken him months to weave, what was to come of them now? How and with what would his successor, whoever he should be, oppose the rogueries of Sumayloff or the chicanery of Ignatieff; what would any man not trained to the especial watchfulness of this subtle game know of the steps by which men advanced? Who was to watch Bulgaris and see how far Russian gold was embellishing the life of Athens? There was not a hungry agent that lounged about

the Russian embassy in Greek petticoats and pistols whose photograph the English ambassador did not possess, with a biographical note at the back to tell the fellow's name and birthplace, what he was meant for and what he cost. Of every interview of his countrymen with the Grand Vizier, he was kept fully informed, and whether a forage magazine was established on the Pruth, or a new frigate laid down at Nickolief, the news reached him by the time it arrived at St. Petersburg. It is true he was aware how hopeless it was to write home about these things. The ambassador who writes disagreeable despatches is a bore or an old woman. He who dares to shake the security by which we daily boast we are surrounded, is an alarmist, if not worse. Notwithstanding this, he held his cards well "up," and played them shrewdly. And now he was to turn from this crafty game, with all its excitement, to pore over constabulary reports and snub justices of the peace!

But there was worse than this. There was an Albanian spy, who had been much employed by him of late, a clever fellow, with access to society, and great facilities for obtaining information. Seeing that Lord Danesbury should not return to the embassy, would this fellow go over to the enemy? If so, there were no words for the mischief he might effect. By a subordinate position in a Greek government office, he had often been selected to convey despatches to Constantinople, and it was in this way his lordship first met him; and as the fellow frankly presented himself with a very momentous piece of news, he at once showed how he trusted to British faith not to betray him. It was not alone the incalculable mischief such a man might do by change of allegiance, but the whole fabric on which Lord Danesbury's reputation rested was in this man's keeping; and of all that wondrous prescience on which he used to pride himself before the world, all the skill with which he baffled an adversary, and all the tact with which he overwhelmed a colleague, this same "Speridionides" could give the secret and show the trick.

How much more constantly, then, did his lordship's thoughts revert to the Bosphorus than the Liffy! All this home news was mean, commonplace, and vulgar. The whole drama—scenery, actors, plot—all were low and ignoble; and as for this "something that was to be done for Ireland," it would of course be some slowly germinating policy to take root now, and blossom in another half-century: one of those blessed parliamentary enactments which men who dealt in heroic remedies like himself regarded as the chronic placebo of the political Quack.

"I am well aware," cried he, aloud, "for what they are sending me over. I am to 'make a case' in Ireland for a political legislation, and the bill is already drawn and ready; and while I am demonstrating to Irish Churchmen that they will be more pious without a religion, and the landlords richer without rent, the Russians will be mounting guard at the Golden Horn, and the last British squadron steaming down the Levant."



It was in a temper kindled by these reflections he wrote this note:—

“DEAR WALPOLE,—

“Plmnuddm Castle, North Wales.

“I CAN make nothing out of the papers you have sent me ; nor am I able to discriminate between what you admit to be newspaper slander and the attack on the castle with the unspeakable name. At all events your account is far too graphic for the Treasury lords, who have less of the pictorial about them than Mr. Mudie's subscribers. If the Irish peasants are so impatient to assume their rights that they will not wait for the ‘Hatt-Houmaïoun,’ or Bill in Parliament that is to endow them, I suspect a little further show of energy might save us a debate and a third reading. I am, however, far more eager for news from Therapia. Tolstai has been twice over with despatches ; and Boustikoff, pretending to have sprained his ankle, cannot leave Odessa, though I have ascertained that he has laid down new lines of fortification, and walked over twelve miles per day. You may have heard of the great ‘Speridionides,’ a scoundrel that supplied me with intelligence. I should like much to get him over here while I am on my leave, confer with him, and, if possible, save him *from the necessity of other engagements*. It is not every one could be trusted to deal with a man of this stamp, nor would the fellow himself easily hold relations with any but a gentleman. Are you sufficiently recovered from your sprained arm to undertake this journey for me ? If so, come over at once, that I may give you all necessary indications as to the man and his whereabouts.

“Maude has been ‘on the sick list,’ but is better, and able to ride out to-day. I cannot fill the law appointments till I go over, nor shall I go over till I cannot help it. The Cabinet is scattered over the Scotch lakes. C. alone in town, and preparing for the War Ministry by practising the goose-step. Telegraph, if possible, that you are coming, and believe me yours,

“DANESBURY.”

## National Education in India.

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Of the many important points connected with this great subject, not more than one or two will here be touched upon. In the year 1866—the latest for which complete statistics have been compiled—the number of educational institutions in British India, governmentally maintained or aided, was 15,165, at which instruction was given to 614,855 pupils, at an expense to the State of between 600,000*l.* and 700,000*l.* What is here proposed to be shown is, first, how little good is done by so much—by far the larger portion—of this outlay as is absorbed by vernacular instruction; and, secondly, how very much more good might be done by applying it to the teaching of English.

There is no great use in a key without some lock which it will fit, nor in being able to construe a language in which there are no books. Now, although in every hundred of Indian National Schools there may, perhaps, be one with an English class, in the remaining ninety-nine vernacular dialects alone are employed; and in no living Indian vernacular are there any books. This assertion will be no sooner heard than contradicted; but even though it be forthwith confronted with an Oordoo Bible, or a Teloo-goo or Tamil primer, it need not on that account be withdrawn. If, as Johnson once remarked to his biographical satellite, I complain that there is no fruit in an orchard, what does it matter that some one comes presently, exclaiming, "Sir, you are mistaken; you said there was no fruit, and see, here are two apples and three pears?" When saying that there are no Indo-vernacular books, of course I mean none to speak of; and certainly of most of such as there are, the less said the better. In the first place, with the exception of some half-dozen classics of the Bagh-o-Bahar type, they are all translations; and in the second, these translations are the work, not of natives, but of foreigners. In quality, as in quantity, the vernacular literature of India is much what that of Wales would be if composed exclusively of works done into Welsh by English philo-Cymrians, who had learnt Welsh for the purpose; or what that of Romanized Britain would have been if it had consisted solely of Cimbric or Celtic translations from the Latin by Roman missionaries. As it happened, the Roman missionaries who crossed over by whole armies to our shores, came with pikes, not books, in their hands: stern, hard-headed propagandists they were, too, with strong sense, clear views, and no superfluous sentiment. To these it was plain that if the Britons were to learn to read, they had better learn in a language in which there was already plenty of legible material, than in one in which all such material had still to be composed. But they took no pains to teach; they contented themselves with making it the interest of the pupils to



learn. Instead of schools, they established law and police courts, custom-houses, and inland revenue and recruiting offices, where all business was transacted in Latin, without some knowledge of which, consequently, no suitor could have the satisfaction of knowing why he was cast in damages or into prison; nor any householder why the tax-gatherer's demand was raised ten per cent., or why his son, and not his neighbour's, was pressed for legionary service. The Romans, besides, were in the habit of planting colonies in all their conquered territories, sometimes putting a detachment of discharged soldiers, or civic adventurers, in possession of one-third of the houses and lands of an existing city; sometimes assigning to them an adequate area wherein to build a city for themselves. At first these colonists would constitute a patrician order, to whom the rest of the townsfolk stood in the relation of plebeians; but before long the privileges of *commercium* and *connubium* would be conveyed to the latter, and the two classes would intermarry and intertrade; whereupon the blood relations of indigenous brides would have an extra motive for acquiring the speech of the high foreign families they had become connected with; and indigenous shopkeepers, even if acquainted with any other written characters, would find it more convenient to keep their accounts in those of their wealthiest customers.

The operation of these various causes is remarkable both for the constant occurrence of certain results, where certain conditions were present, and for the absence of those results wherever the conditions were absent. Wherever there was a native literature, there also the native language had too firm a hold on the affections of the people to be displaced. Athenians and Corinthians might possibly condescend to pick up a few Latin phrases for occasional dealings with such of their conquerors as did not try to save them the trouble by learning Greek; but they had no idea of deserting Homer for his pale reflection in Virgil, or their original Menander for his travesty in Terence. So they, and Jews likewise, and Syrians and Egyptians, went on reading their own authors, and venting their scorn and spleen against Italian barbarians in their own mother-tongue; and the consequence is, that wherever any living representatives of any of these ancient peoples still abide, their ancient language abides with them. In whatever region the population was at any time chiefly Greek, Greek is still spoken; Coptic still lingers in Egypt; Hebrew in all synagogues, and Syriac in many Eastern churches. Among all the unlettered provincials, on the other hand, a complete linguistic revolution was rapidly effected. The subject barbarians, finding that they could not get on without some acquaintance with their rulers' form of speech, made acquaintance with it accordingly, and, having no patriotic reason for burdening themselves with two sets of words where one would suffice, while taking up a foreign language, let their own drop. Among Gauls and Iberians, Latin became so thoroughly naturalized, that, in spite of its frequent and copious alloy by Franks, Burgundians, and Normans, Goths, Vandals, and Arabs, it still continues the main stock and stay of French and Spanish. In Dacia, even in the brief period allowed

for its establishment in that last won and first lost of Roman provinces, Latin seems to have taken even deeper root, the ordinary discourse of the modern Roumans of Wallachia and Moldavia being made up so largely of Latin words inherited from their Dacian ancestors, that any tolerable Latinist is said to have little difficulty in understanding them. Nor, perhaps, would such an one's facility of intelligence have been less among descendants of the Romanized Britons, if the Angles, Frisians, and Northmen, by whom these were successively conquered, had not, by nearly exterminating them, prevented their leaving any recognizable posterity. That in India the application of like causes would have produced like effects, may be inferred from the completeness with which, in the valley of the Ganges, from Hurdwar as far as Patna, Hindee, under the domination of Persian-speaking Moguls, became supplanted by Oordoo and Hindostanee—mongrels between itself and Persian. Presumably, then, Hindostanee would in turn have been similarly supplanted, if certain parts of the policy of the Moguls had been adopted by their successors. The Anglo-Indian Government, however, has always gone upon a directly opposite tack. Although, for a lengthened period, rigidly excluding natives of India from all offices but the humblest, it from the beginning prescribed the use of the native languages for most administrative details. Instead of furnishing its native subjects with motives for learning its language, it has tried to force its English servants to learn theirs, making a certain proficiency in one or more of the native dialects an indispensable condition of promotion, civil or military. As for any imitation of Roman *municipia*, that was about the last thing to be thought of during the sway of the East India Company, whose constant bugbear was a vision of interlopers, scheming at one time to upset their commercial monopoly, and at another to build up, on the ruins of their territorial domination, an independent confederacy, modelled after that of the United States of America. Within the last thirty years, indeed, the Government has, as we have seen, established a vast number of seminaries of every degree; but in such of these as are intended for the bulk of the people, it has, with unprovoked perversity, instead of encouraging, been at considerable pains to discourage, the study of English. In a celebrated despatch, addressed by them in 1854 to their Governor-General, the late Court of East Indian Directors lay it down as a principle, that the right medium of education is the vernacular languages, the substitution for which of English they earnestly and repeatedly deprecate; and the injunctions thus conveyed have ever since been acted upon with unquestioning fidelity. A special committee, reporting in 1856 on the state of affairs in Bengal, complains of the large proportion of grant-in-aid schools that had originated "in the growing desire for English education, and were fitted only to meet the wants of those who desired to obtain" some "knowledge of English at a cheap rate, and without the inconvenience of absence from home;" and declare themselves "unanimously of opinion" that the tendency of such schools is to "aggravate a very serious evil." In 1867, an Under-Secretary to the Government of India, remark-

ing that "to secure to their children a knowledge of our tongue is the one object for which, as a rule, the people are willing to pay," infers that it is *therefore* necessary to watch lest the desire for the acquisition of English "have the *evil* tendency" apprehended by the above-quoted committee. In the North-West Provinces, according to the Education Reports for the last few years, there is a rapidly increasing desire for the acquisition of English, "which, however, is as yet chiefly taught as a language, and not made to supersede the vernacular as a medium of instruction." In the Punjab, says the local Director-General of Public Instruction in 1863, the neglect of vernacular studies for the purpose of learning English has been "specially prohibited," and "the attention of district and educational officers has been repeatedly directed to the prevention of that *evil*." "In a movement," says the same functionary in 1867, "for promoting Oriental education and vernacular literature, which was started at Lahore two years ago, and has been pressed, under the Lieutenant-Governor's patronage, on the attention of all Government officials and native chiefs and gentlemen, I, to some extent, cordially sympathize," notwithstanding that it has, as he adds, "had a bad effect on the progress of English education." In Oude, says the Director-General of that province, "in nearly all the Anglo-vernacular schools, the boys would, if permitted, give their whole time to their English lessons; and I have been repeatedly asked by pupils and parents to send an English teacher, it being generally added, that compliance with the request would double the attendance." Nevertheless, in the schools in question, the vernacular alone is still used "as a medium for imparting knowledge in general subjects, whilst English is read merely as a language." In the Central Provinces, students of English, for the avowed purpose of diminishing their number, are "required to pay a higher fee than merely vernacular scholars." Of the Madras presidency much the same story is told. A similarly increasing demand for English is observed, and opposed there. Spite of the enlightened efforts of Sir C. Trevelyan and others, to introduce a more judicious system, "in talook schools, and in the lower classes of zillah schools, English is taught merely as a language, substantive knowledge being conveyed through the medium of the vernacular." Finally, of the Bombay territories it is emphatically declared, that "English education has been starved there in the interest of vernacular." Desire for the former "manifests itself in constant applications from the people for schoolmasters able to teach English," for whose maintenance, moreover, "special subscriptions are offered;" but the people's shepherds continue indisposed to afford them access to the wished-for pasturage. "At first," says the Bombay Report for 1855-6, "there was a tendency in the local committees to seek the extension of English to the neglect of vernacular schools," but it exultingly adds, "a resolution of Government has authoritatively settled that point, and now no assignments of local funds to English education are made," unless the collector of the district can furnish a certificate that its wants "in respect of vernacular education" have been as far as possible supplied. "Probably," says the Report for

1855-6, "ten per cent. out of the whole number of boys in Government schools are learning English;" but "the acknowledged tendency to acquire the language of good appointments has been somewhat checked, partly by an order requiring a certain knowledge of his own vernacular before a boy is allowed to begin English; partly by want of sanction for the improvement or establishment of Anglo-vernacular schools, much asked for by the people, and very necessary to this department."

Three peculiarities in Anglo-Indian administration have now been noted, all of which may, by unprejudiced observers be not improbably deemed to stand in need of reversal. It would, however, be an abuse of the journalist's privilege of discursiveness to enter at all largely, under the heading of the present paper, either upon the suitability of India for military colonization, or on the expediency of substituting, in the transaction of revenue and judicial business, the language of the rulers for that of the ruled. On one of these points be it therefore simply suggested, that to attach time-expired men of European regiments to Indian soil by grants of land on mountain slopes or elevated levels, to be held on condition of occasional military service, might be a very cheap, yet, under proper supervision, a very efficient mode of reinforcing the Anglo-Indian garrison. Whatever might be the technical aptitudes, there could at any rate be no doubt of the loyalty of such a militia, well aware, as it would be, of the sort of disembodiment awaiting it in the event of the *de facto* government being subverted. With regard to the other, let us figure to ourselves the position of an immigrant Frenchman who, after a year or two's naturalization in Leicester Square, should be commissioned to Zummerzetshire as president of a county court, or as sheriff depute to Aberdeen awa', and we may then have some faint notion of the difficulties of an Anglo-Indian, ordered as magistrate, judge, or collector, now to Rohileund, then to the Punjab, and now recalled to Calcutta, or moved backwards and forwards between Dharwar and Sind, or between Ganjam and Trichinopoly, or settled down in that perfect Babel of tongues, the Central Provinces.

The sort of instruction, however, best fitted for adoption in Indian schools, is an affair regularly and immediately before us, and, in connection with it, we may at the outset remark that for purveyors of knowledge, as for those of any other class of wares, the surest plan for attracting customers is to be prepared to supply whatever articles are most in demand. If young Bengal, in search of a hat, enter a shop where only turbans are kept, he may, possibly, in despair, fit himself with one of the latter, but quite possibly, too, he may leave without top-gear of any sort. And as with the outer so with the inner garniture of his head. If he seek for English where only the vernacular is to be acquired, he is as likely as not to try to make shift without either. True, in respect of instruction, those who are most in want are often the least conscious of their want, and oftener still, are the least able to judge what special kind of knowledge it is they need. In India, however, native instinct would seem to have come to a juster conclusion on this last point than English ratiocination.

Early Anglo-Indian educationists, indeed, did not aim very high, and did not in proportion ends to means so much as their successors. Even Lieutenant-Governor Thomason, keen-sighted as he was, did not, when propounding his views in 1846, look beyond "enabling zemindars and cultivators to understand village accounts and the putwari's papers," for which humble purpose a moderate acquaintance with native pothooks might suffice. But a few years later, more extended views came to be entertained, for we find the East Indian Directors in 1854 dwelling on the shortcomings of Asiatic learning in respect of science, philosophy, and all modern discoveries and improvements, and on the desirableness of supplementing its deficiencies from European stores. But they at the same time evinced great anxiety that Western thought should be communicated principally through Eastern speech. They were content that in colleges and high schools European culture should continue to be imparted to the initiated by its own proper sounds and symbols; but they insisted that for popular education the principal instruments should be the vernacular dialects, which, they added, in order to be fitted for the office, should be enriched by translations from the best English elementary treatises, said translations being advertised for and liberally rewarded. These latter suggestions were worthy of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs, who, having resolved that his daughter should learn Greek, magnanimously resolved also to learn it himself first, in order to be able to teach her: nay, the "honourable Court" went considerably beyond the Beau, who is not recorded to have contemplated the composition of a new series of Greek classics, whereas they, having decided on having their subjects taught to read in vernaculars whose name was legion, shrank not from the consequent obligation of providing materials for reading in each vernacular. Some books have accordingly been manufactured to order, and no doubt are of many various degrees of merit and its opposite. But without disputing that among the half-dozen for instance, that have been written in, or translated into, Burmese, the Rev. Mr. Hough's geography, albeit "without maps," and Mr. Stilson's arithmetic, are as admirable as they have been officially pronounced to be, we may still be certain that, if so, these and all such as these cannot but be exceptions to the ordinary rule. Of what quality are the generality of the compilations and versions in question may be pretty confidently inferred from their being, as already intimated, the performances, not of natives, but of aliens, of the most accomplished of whom it can be no disparagement to say that they are, at any rate, not in their several linguistic walks more than the equals of Max Müller. Yet, if that prince of living philologists were to attempt lengthened composition in that one of the many foreign languages he understands, which he more especially and formally professes, the chances are great that he would commit not a few innovations in phraseology as puzzling to pundits as the darkest archaisms of the Vedic hymns. And even if all Indianized specimens of English literature were of unimpeachable quality, their numerical paucity would still be a serious drawback from their educational utility. Doubtless, however scanty were the literature of a language, it



might possibly be worth learning that language for the sake of its literature. Few as are the publications that have been provided for the edification of the blind, any one disqualified for seeing his way through those few might do well to learn to feel it. But it would be a sad waste of labour for those to learn to read by touch who, by being taught to read by sight, would acquire equal command over books prepared for either purpose, either for manipulation or inspection. Nor would those pains be much more wisely directed which were spent in gaining access to a small fraction of any particular literature in translation, when, without much more trouble, the whole of the same literature might be rendered equally accessible in the original. Of course the applicability of this remark depends upon the relative degrees of trouble required for the two operations; but although it is no doubt easier to learn to read in one's own than in a foreign language, the difference of difficulty is much less than is commonly supposed. Time was when throughout Western Europe, whatever child was taught his A B C, was taught it out of a Latin primer, and presently afterwards had to get his grammar likewise by heart in Latin, as Eton youngsters had till almost the other day, without the faintest glimmer at first of the sense of what he was required to repeat. Here truly was pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, which yet was rapidly and eminently successful. Of the 5,000 students who, towards the close of the eleventh century, gathered round Abelard at Paris, or of the 30,000 with whom contemporaneous Oxford has been peopled by the prolific imagination of Anthony à Wood, a large proportion were literally mendicants, as absolutely dependent, as the autobiography of Thomas Platter owns him to have been, on the broken victuals they got by begging. These, having come of parents too poor to furnish them at all abundantly with educational means and appliances, had commonly learnt their rudiments at a hedge-school, presided over by the parish curate, or by a monk from a neighbouring convent. Yet without better preliminary training than was thus obtainable, numbers of youths were continually reaching the universities fully prepared to listen with keen zest to the erudite doctors they found disputing there, and to take notes of their Latin discourses. It is not, in short, too much to affirm that, during the earlier part of the Middle Ages, almost every one who had been to school was as well able to read and write in a dead foreign language as he would have been in his own living mother-tongue, if the latter, instead of the former, had been employed for his scholastic tuition. A parallel and more recent case is afforded by educational experience in the northernmost half of North Britain. When Walter Scott, some eighty years ago, was taking in the Highlands those sketches from life which he subsequently worked up into finished pictures under the names of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*, few of the aborigines, below the degree of Duinhé Wassel, were qualified to hold oral converse with the Southron. Two or three intervening generations, however, have given quite another turn to the linguistic difficulty. Where there used to be so few who could speak English, the number is now fast diminishing of those who can speak much

else, insomuch that patrons of Highland livings, notwithstanding the number of sons of small farmers and small shopkeepers bred up in Scotland to the church, are occasionally at a loss for ministers qualified for induction into their vacant benefices by that acquaintance with Gaelic which ecclesiastical ordinances prescribe. In all the primary schools, of which—thanks principally to the General Assembly—there is now a tolerable sprinkling over the whole stretch of country between the Ochil hills and the Pentland Firth, all pupils are taught English, at which many of them, before finally leaving, become little less apt than the generality of English-born boys of similar age and social standing, the English of the former being, indeed, much more of the grammar and dictionary species than that of the latter—more correct that is, and freer from colloquial vulgarisms. That these young Gaels, priding themselves on their new accomplishment, and valuing it for its extensive utility, should sport it on most occasions to the proportionate neglect of its native rival, is easily understood. Neither is there anything surprising in their acquiring it so readily. As long as initiation into the mysteries of scholastic learning is required to consist of committal to memory of a number of unmeaning sounds, it will not greatly matter what those sounds are, whether English or Latin, Gaelic or English, or yet Indo-vernacular or English. Neither, as long as the memory remains unincumbered, is much more exertion requisite for taking in two sets than one set of words, as may be seen from the facility with which, wherever four or five languages are commonly spoken, children imbibe them all—in many Levantine cities, for instance, talking Greek, Turkish, French, and Italian with equal fluency.

It need not be doubted then, that the counterpart of what takes place in the Scottish Highlands might, by corresponding arrangements, be equally brought about in India. By the adoption of suitable means, an English bent may as readily be given to the young idea of Gentoo as of Gael, and it is satisfactory to note what simple means may apparently suffice for the purpose. What the ruling powers have to do in the matter is not so much to encourage as to leave off discouraging; not so much to stimulate the already great and rapidly growing desire for specific instruction, as to cease from withholding the desired instruction from those who seek it. The alteration most needed in the present educational system is, that in all Government seminaries of every degree, in the lowest as well as in the highest, adequate provision should be made for teaching English. This being done, it might perhaps be safely left optional with parents whether their children should learn English, and whether, if they did, they should have lessons in the vernacular likewise; for, to judge from evidence already referred to, there can be little doubt what the usual decision would be. No doubt it is not in Oude only that the pupils, "if permitted, would give their whole time to their English lessons." Still, if only for the sake of adherence to some intelligible principle, it might be better that English should be made an obligatory subject in all schools, as it is already in all colleges, the study of any vernacular being at the same time left optional, or even excluded, except

as an auxiliary to the study of English. Among Anglo-Indian educationists a much vexed question is, whether the national mind can be most speedily and thoroughly permeated by filtration from above or capillary attraction from below, but without venturing to decide between the two plans, we may reasonably assume that a judicious mixture of both would be better than either. If while the three Presidency Universities and their affiliated colleges were sending annually increasing numbers of native young gentlemen to shine forth as literary and scientific lights, and kindle emulative flames among their social inferiors, middle-class pupils were being prepared at zillah, tehsil, and circuit schools for entrance on a college course, and lower and lowest class pupils were being similarly prepared at corresponding schools for middle-class instruction, it may reasonably be supposed that the educational currents thus proceeding from opposite extremities of the social scale would meet half-way in about half the time that would be required for either to traverse the whole intervening distance. Some cause has already been shown for supposing that the two converging currents would require but little more time to meet in consequence of their having become streams of English knowledge, and in addition to other reasons for thinking that the whole time required would not be great, the following may be stated:—In certain districts of Lower Bengal the bulk of the native reading public are even now so far Anglicized as not only to have their book-shelves filled with English volumes, but to prefer that the *Hindoo Patriot* and other like newspapers, expressly designed to be vehicles and reflectors of native thought, should be composed in English. Now as of the educational influences which have directly contributed to this result, few have been in active operation for much more than a generation, it would seem that with better management and directer application of means to ends, the same result might be produced elsewhere within a very moderate multiple of the same period. Many improvements in educational practice might have to be made, and some educational expedients which as yet exist only in theory, might have to be adopted in order to ensure success; but if the authority on which success would mainly depend, took up the work in earnest, there is nothing very extravagant in imagining that in two or three generations hence English might become naturalised all over India in the same degree as it already is in parts of Bengal Proper. And, of course, a linguistic revolution which had proceeded so far would not stop there, but would go on advancing with continually accelerated steps, until of difference of speech, that fruitful source of graver differences, few traces should remain between Britain and her magnificent dependency.

In the prospect of the eventual supersession of all Indo-vernaculars which the supposed diffusion of English implies, there is, indeed, genuine cause for ethnological regret, in which the present writer would be sorry to be supposed not to participate. Alas! that a single one of the inter-jangling tongues, whose hubbub stopped the building of the tower on Shinar's plain, should be completely hushed, leaving no echo behind.



Alas! that there are no longer means of ascertaining whether the pigmy breed of the neolithic period talked as much like the Esquimaux of to-day as they resembled them in their habits, and in the fashion and ornamentation of their implements. Alas! that we may never hope to discover by what shibboleth Pelasgians were distinguishable from Tyrrhenians and Sikelians, or these again from Umbrians, Sabines, or Samnites. Would that the old woman, famous for having been the last to speak Cornish, could have lived for ever! Would that the United States' Government would found professorships of Sioux and Cherokee before the last representatives of the so-named tribes are irrevocably improved off the face of the earth! Almost is it to be wished that civilization may never have such complete possession of India, but that there may still remain some few barbarian hillmen faithfully adhering to the barbarous dialects of their forefathers. But if this may not be, and if comparative glossologists of a remote future, in default of living embodiments, must content themselves with fossil remains of the aboriginal tongues, and make the most of such Hindee and Tamil spelling-books as may still be extant, there will yet be abundant compensation for the ethnological loss in the miscellaneous gain, from which it will be the only drawback. For to enumerate only a few, and to begin with one of the least of the many benefits by which India will be rewarded for consenting to exchange her score of illiterate for a single literate language, how will not her whole technical industry be stimulated and promoted, when, to every industrial worker, from the ploughman to the experimental chemist, and from the blacksmith to the civil engineer, all the recorded results of England's technical experience are thrown open. How again, when the accumulated fruits of English adventure, in every field of science and literature are made equally accessible—not simply to some few hundreds of university graduates, but to every one who has made decent use of his time at school—how will not the national intellect be stirred and sharpened? how will not the moral sense be exalted and purified? With all our insular narrow-mindedness—with all our defects in taste and temperament, sensibility and sentiment—with all our snobishness and Philistinism, our English standards, ethic and æsthetic, our general tone of thought and feeling, are still undeniably far above those of our Eastern fellow-subjects. For the average East Indian to rise to the mental level of the average Briton would surely be an immense ascent—an immense upraising of his ideas of truth, honour, faith, and charity; and among possible aids to such self-elevation, none is more efficacious than literature. As an individual author, in so far as his subject permits, commonly sets forth in his publications the best side of his character, sketching an ideal which he would fain realize, if he could, and if indolence or infirmity of purpose did not hinder, so what the literature of every advanced people most prominently reflects are the nation's noblest characteristics, of which native readers, becoming, Narcissus-like, enamoured, strive to become more and more personally possessed, while foreign readers are all the more apt to admire them on account of their

comparative novelty. The less, too, of native literature a people possess, the greater is the benefit they are likely to derive from an adopted literature. An intelligent Hindoo, led away from the sapless leaves of his Shasters, and turned loose into the wholesomer pasturage of good English reading, could not help, by assimilation of the fresh provender he browsed upon, being partially renewed in the inner man, and getting some of his old moral tissues replaced by others of a sounder and healthier fibre. Nor would the transmutation thus commenced be readily arrested. If religion be the firmest basis of morality, morality, on the other hand, is seldom improved without reacting powerfully on religion. Perseverance for a few decades in the Anglicizing process above suggested, would do more for Christianity in India than centuries of missionary enterprise. In readiness to compass sea and land to make one proselyte, the agents of modern societies for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts may well bear comparison with the Scribes and Pharisees of old; yet how many proselytes have they made? According to the most hyperbolic accounts, the number in an East Indian population of little less than two hundred millions, is, at most, but half as many thousands. It may be a humiliating reflection, but it is at the same time a not disheartening truth, that religious conversion on a large scale is an affair much rather of example than of precept. For the most part, "even as the bell-wether moves on, the docile flock moves too." When a certain Gothic king, as Gibbon tells us, went up to be baptized, all his Goths went with him; but when he, with one foot in the font, stepped back because the officiating priests insisted that all his unbaptized ancestors were everlastingly damned, all the Goths stepped back too, sovereign and subjects harmoniously relapsing into idolatry. So in later times, which European states should become Protestant, and which remain Catholic, depended mainly on which monarchs accepted and which rejected the teachings of Luther. Again, the marked missionary success of Moravian brethren among the Hottentots and other wild tribes, is mainly due to their having, like the Jesuit fathers in Paraguay and California, endeavoured to civilize before attempting to Christianize, and to establish a secular before aiming at a religious influence. Their plan is to gather round them a little community of savages, whom they first persuade to dig and plant, and to build houses, and wear pantaloons and petticoats, and who, beginning thus by imitation of the domestic customs of their teachers, are led insensibly to similar adoption of their religious observances. Presumably, a not less effective mode of Christianizing India might be to begin by Anglicizing its language. This at any rate would be an excellent preparation for the task. Although no course of reading, however special, could be depended upon for converting East Indians to any particular creed, there is no course of English reading, however general, that would permit them to retain their present creeds. All the evidences of Paley, and of all his collaborators, might fail to make them Christians; but London newspapers alone would prevent their remaining Pagans or Mohammedans. For any one to look regularly through *The Times*, or *Daily News*, or *Spectator*, or

*Saturday Review*, not to speak of Monthlies or Quarterlies, or of the *Fortnightly*, and to retain his respect for the Shasters or the Koran, is not in the nature of things. The rude shocks which the Asiatic intellect would receive from many of the veriest commonplaces of English journalism, would rub off much of its traditional rust, and render it freer for the reception of whatever of genuine truth, religious or other, came in its way. And more and more of truth of all sorts would, in the circumstances supposed, be continually coming. In proportion as East Indians became internally Anglicized, and as inward change told upon outward demeanour, they would acquire at once more taste and desire for British companionship, and more congeniality for it. Mutually repelling prejudices, passing away with the occasions for them, would leave immigrant and indigenous races free to coalesce, the one to become Anglo-Indian in a more enlarged and liberal sense; the latter, to assume with equal right the correlative designation of Indo-Britons. Educated members of both would then, without scruple, mix together on equal terms, dining and dancing at each other's houses, walking, riding, picnicking together, and discoursing between whiles: frequenting, too, the same places of public resort, churches and chapels not excepted, which Orientals, we may fairly presume, would be occasionally tempted to visit by the same curiosity, if by nothing better, which attracts Occidentals to mosques and pagodas, and in which some who had come to pry, might possibly now and then remain to pray. Changes of this kind, together with their whole train of easily conjectured consequences, although commencing in the higher strata of society, would in ordinary course filtrate downwards until the lowermost layer was reached. The leaven cast in at the top would not cease working till the whole lump, from zemindar and baboo to ryot and coolie, was thoroughly leavened. Nor would the process be necessarily a very long one, provided only that evangelizing zeal did not, out of superfervid regard for truth, put up error's back by unseasonably anathematizing error. Provided only that the children of light would consent to practise in their generation somewhat of the wisdom of the children of darkness, but very few generations might perhaps be needed to exalt India to the same religious level as that of Britain—to a level at which the bulk of the population might be described as, in one fashion or another, Christian—part really so and from conviction; a larger part not less sincerely, though chiefly from habit; and a still larger residue in name only and in appearance. Whoever may be disposed to say that a metamorphosis, to be made up so largely of superficial varnish, is not much to look forward to, will do well to ask himself within what time a fiftieth part of the same result could be brought about by other means.

The picture we have been contemplating has yet another aspect—to wit, the political, which there may be more reason for declining to regard with unmingled satisfaction. Could India, it may fairly be asked, be imbued with the English spirit in so many other respects, without imbibing also too much of the English love of independence to continue

to acquiesce in English domination? To this inquiry it might be sufficient to reply, that the one sole way in which England can justify her retention of India is by availing herself of it for the benefit of the people, and doing more for them than they are capable of doing for themselves. But of the obligation thus incumbent on her she can acquit herself only in proportion as she renders India worthy of independence, and she will not have acquitted herself of it completely unless, whenever India shows herself both worthy and desirous of political freedom, she consents to set India free. There are, however, perfectly legitimate means—means which she not only may, but is in duty bound to, employ—of preventing India from desiring independence, even when at length deserving it. As yet desire in that particular has considerably outrun desert. Although governed, so far as material interests are concerned, not only infinitely better than she ever was before, but with a parental solicitude such as no conquered territory ever before experienced from a foreign stepmother, she is so little satisfied with her British King Log as to be apparently not at all unwilling to try the experiment of a Russian King Stork in his stead. Nor have we far to seek for an explanation of this anomaly. We have only to ask how we ourselves should like it, if, the British Islands happening to become outlying appendages of the new Prussian Empire, no native-born Briton were suffered to hold a commission in the army, or to rise above a second-class clerkship in the civil service, or above a county court judgeship in the law. Would any or all of the real and substantial advantages that might possibly accompany Prussian annexation—would completest reform of railway mismanagement, or fullest security against garotting, or widest diffusion of intellectual and æsthetic culture, be accepted as compensation for such blockage of all those careers which ordinary ambition most affects? Would not baffled longings turn rapidly into bitter animosity, engendered first among those ardent spirits by whom opinion is formed and directed, and gradually accepted by the docile multitudes who think and feel on all public matters as popular leaders bid them? We have only to consider how our nobility and gentry and moneyed magnates, our professional and literary men, our newspaper writers and stump orators, would, in the circumstances supposed, feel, and show their feelings, towards the powers that were, to understand the feelings of corresponding classes in India towards the powers that actually are. If British rule in India is to be permanent, it must become popular with the natives, which it plainly cannot be while continuing to seethe them, as it were, in their mother's milk, shutting them off from advancement in their own land, avowedly because they were born and bred there. We need not hope to reconcile the children of the soil to the presence amongst them of us strangers, unless we admit them to equality of privileges, and afford them equal facilities of access to, and equal chances of success in, every honourable career; unless every branch of the public service, covenanted or uncovenanted, be freely thrown open to them, and native birth and parentage cease to be disqualifications for any local dignity whatever, even for that of Governor-General or of Commander-in-

Chief. To the inevitable outcry against the mere mention of constitutional changes so radical as these, the only reply which space here permits is a slight allusion to analogous experience. When Alexander the Great had conquered Persia, he continued most of Darius's satraps in their stations, and filled up vacant satrapies quite as frequently with Persians as with Europeans. He persuaded, or rather forced, many of his Macedonian captains to marry Persian wives, and not only placed his large levies of Asiatic troops under the command of Asiatic chiliarchs and pentakosiarchs, but officered in part with Persians even his Companion Cavalry, the crack corps *par excellence* of the army which had accompanied him from Europe. The Macedonians murmured, remonstrated, mutinied, but Alexander was obstinate; and the example thus set by him was followed by the Seleucid kings who succeeded by usurpation to the greater part of his Asiatic conquests. Though all the business of their government was transacted in the Greek language, the functionaries by whom it was transacted must necessarily have been in far larger proportion Hellenized Asiatics than Asiaticized Hellenes. It was thus on the support much more of the former than of the latter that the dynasty rested; yet intrusive and Greek as the dynasty was, it lasted for nearly three centuries, and its subversion at last was effected not by domestic insurrection, but by foreign invasion: for having been wise enough to make no distinction between the conquering and conquered races, it had been served as cheerfully by the one as by the other, the loyalty of the Asiatic portion of the population being probably as little affected by the European origin of their sovereign as that of Englishmen is by the fact that Queen Victoria's great-grandparents were almost pure Germans.

With little other alteration than that of the proper names, this notice of the Seleucidæ of Syria and Babylonia may serve equally for the Mogul and other Mahommedan dynasties of Hindostan, which similarly succeeded in completely conciliating their Hindoo subjects by the simple expedient of employing them, equally with Moslems, in every administrative grade, and whose sway was never threatened by any analogue of the Sepoy mutiny, and, but for English intermeddling, might not impossibly be still subsisting. Christian England ought not to require to learn from heathen Greeks and Mahommedan Moguls that the wisest policy for the government of dependencies is that of doing unto others as we would ourselves be done by; but if willing at length to be so instructed, and to act honestly and consistently on the lesson, she may quite possibly dissipate all that internal discontent which alone can prevent Queens and Kings of England, as long as any such there be, from continuing to be likewise Empresses and Emperors of Hindostan.

W. T. THORNTON.

## Lady Isabella.

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### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.

THERE was one house in our neighbourhood which was perfect and above criticism. I do not mean to say that it was a very great house ; but the very sight of it was enough to make you feel almost bitter if you were poor, and very pleased and approving if you were well-off. Naturally it was the very next house to Mrs. Merridew's, who had heaps of children and a small income, and could not have things so very nice as might have been wished. Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella lived within sight of her, with but two holly-hedges between ; the hedge on the side of the Merridews' house was bristly and untidy, but on the other side it was trimmed and clipped till it looked like a barrier-wall of dark green Utrecht velvet ; and inside that enclosure everything was in perfection ; the lawn was mown every other day ; there was never an obtrusive daisy on it, and no fallen leaf presumed to lie for half an hour. The flower-beds which surrounded it were more brilliant than any I ever saw—not mere vulgar geraniums and calceolarias, but a continual variety, and always such masses of colour. Inside everything was just as perfect. They had such good servants, always the best trained of their class ; such soft carpets, upon which no step ever sounded harsh ; and Mrs. Spencer's ferns were the wonder of the neighbourhood ; and the flowers in the two drawing-rooms were always just at the point of perfection, with never a yellow leaf or a faded blossom. We poorer people sometimes tried to console ourselves by telling each other that such luxury was monotonous. " Nothing ever grows and nothing ever fades," said Lottie Stoke, " but always one eternal beautyfulness ; I should not like it if it was me. I should like to watch them budding, and pick off the first faded leaves." This Lottie said with confidence, though she was notoriously indifferent to such cares, and declared, on other occasions, that she could not be troubled with flowers, they required so much looking after ; but poor little Janet Merridew used to shake her head and groan with an innocent envy that would bring the tears to her eyes ; not that she wished to take anything from her neighbours, but she loved beautiful things so much, and they were so far out of her reach.

Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella lived together in this beautiful house ; they were two friends so intimately allied, that I was in the habit of saying they were more like man and wife than anything else.



It was a wonder to us all in Dinglefield how they managed their money matters in respect to housekeeping. Many a little attempt I have seen to find this out, and heard many a speculation; whether the house was Mrs. Spencer's, whether Lady Isabella only paid for her board, which of them was at the expense of the carriage, or whether they kept a rigid account of all their expenditure and divided it at the end of the year, as some thought—nobody could make out. When they first came to Dinglefield it was universally prophesied that it would not last. "Depend upon it, these arrangements never answer," was the opinion of old Mr. Lloyd, who was Mrs. Damerel's father, and lived with them at the Rectory. "They will quarrel in three months," the Admiral said, who was not very favourable to ladies. But when seven years had come and gone, Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella still lived together and had not quarrelled. By this time Lady Isabella, who was really quite young when they came, must have been nearly five-and-thirty, and people had made up their minds she would not marry now, so that the likelihood was, as it had lasted so long, it would last all their lives. They did not, at the first glance, look like people likely to suit each other. Mrs. Spencer was a woman overflowing with activity; she was thin, she could not have been anything else, so energetic was she, always in motion, setting everybody right. She was shortsighted, or said she was shortsighted, so far as the outer world was concerned, but in her own house, and in all that involved her own affairs, she had the eye of a lynx; nothing escaped her. It was she who kept everything in such beautiful order, and made the lawns and the flowers the wonder of the neighbourhood. Lady Isabella's part was the passive one; she enjoyed it. She did not worry her friend by pretending to take any trouble. She was full ten years younger than Mrs. Spencer, inclining to be stout, pretty, but undeniably inactive. I am afraid she was a little indolent, or, perhaps, in such close and constant contact with her friend's more active nature, Lady Isabella had found it expedient to seem more indolent than she was. She left all the burdens of life on Mrs. Spencer's shoulders. Except the one habitual walk in the day, which it was said Mrs. Spencer compelled her to take, lest she should grow fat, we at Dinglefield only saw Lady Isabella in her favourite easy-chair in the drawing-room, or her favourite garden-bench on the lawn. Indolent—but not so perfectly good-tempered as indolent people usually are, and fond of saying sharp things without perhaps always considering the feelings of others. Indeed she seemed to live on such a pinnacle of ease and wealth and comfort, that she must have found it difficult to enter into the feelings of such as were harassed, or care-worn, or poor. She had a way of begging everybody not to make a fuss when anything happened; and I am afraid most of us thought that a selfish regard for her own comfort lay at the bottom of this love of tranquillity. I don't think now that we were quite right in our opinion of her. She had to go through a great deal of fuss whether she liked it or not; and I remember now that when she uttered her favourite sentiment she used to



give a glance, half-comic, half-pathetic, to where Mrs. Spencer was. But she bore with Mrs. Spencer's "ways" as a wife bears with her husband. Mrs. Spencer had all the worry and trouble, such as it was. Plenty of money is a great sweetener of such cares; but still, to be sure, it was easy for Lady Isabella to sit and laugh and adjure everybody not to make a fuss, when she herself had no trouble about anything, never had even to scold a servant, or turn an unsatisfactory retainer away.

We were never very intimate, they and I; but it happened, one autumn evening, that I went in to call rather out of the regular order of calls which we exchanged punctiliously. When I say we were not intimate, I only mean that there was no personal individual attraction between us. Of course we knew each other very well, and met twice or thrice every week, as people do at Dinglefield. I had been calling upon Mrs. Merridew, and I cannot tell what fascination one found—coming out of that full house, which was as tidy as she could make it, but not, alas! as tidy as it might have been—in the next house, which was so wonderful a contrast, where the regions of mere tidiness were overpast, and good order had grown into beauty and grace. I suppose it was the contrast. I found myself going in at the other gate almost before I knew it; and there I found Lady Isabella alone, seated, in the twilight, for it was growing dark, in her favourite corner, not very far from the fire. She was not doing anything; and as I went in, I fancied, to my great surprise, that something like the ghost of a sigh came to greet me just half a moment in advance of Lady Isabella's laugh. She had a way of laughing, which was not disagreeable when one came to know her; though at first people were apt to think that she was laughing at them.

"Mrs. Spen is out," she said, "and I am quite fatigued, for I have been standing at my window watching the Merridew babies in their garden. They look like nice little fat puppies among the grass; but it must be damp for them at this time of the year."

"Poor little things! there are so many of them that they get hardy; they are not used to being looked after very much. Some people's children would be killed by it," said I.

"How lucky for the little Merridews that they are not those people's children!" said Lady Isabella; "and I think they must like it, for it is a great bore being looked after too much." As she spoke she leant back in her chair with something that sounded like another sigh. "I was rather fond of babies once," she added, with a laugh which quickly followed the sigh. "Absurd, was it not? but don't say a word, or Mrs. Spen will turn me out."

"It would take more than that to part you two," said I.

"Well, I suppose it would. I think sometimes it would take a great deal. Mrs. Musgrave, do you know I have been turning it over in my mind whether I could ask you to do something for me or not? and I think I have decided that I will—that is not to say that you are to do it, you know, unless you please."

"I think most likely I shall please—unless it is something very unlike you," said I.

"Well, it is unlike me," said Lady Isabella; and though I could not make out her face in the least, I felt sure, by the sound of her voice, and a certain movement she made, and an odd little laugh that accompanied her words, that she was blushing violently in the dark. "At least, it is very unlike anything you know of me. You might not think it, perhaps," she went on, with again that little constrained laugh, "but do you know I was young once?"

"My dear, I think you are young still," said I.

"Oh dear, no; that is quite out of the question. When a woman is over thirty, she ought to give up all such ideas," said Lady Isabella, with an amount of explanatoriness which I did not understand; and she began to fold hems in her handkerchief in a nervous way. "When a woman is thirty, she may just as well be fifty at once for any difference it makes."

"I don't think even fifty is anything so very dreadful," said I. "One's ideas change as one gets older; but twenty years make a wonderful difference, whatever you may think."

"Perhaps, for some things," she said hastily. "And you must know, Mrs. Musgrave, in that fabulous time when I was young other marvels existed. They always do in the fabulous period in all histories; and there was once somebody who was—or at least he said he was—in love with me. There, the murder is out," she said, pushing her chair a little further back into the dark corner; and, to my amazement, her voice was full of agitation, as if she had been telling me the secret of her life.

"My dear Lady Isabella," I said, "do you really expect me to be surprised at that?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," she said, with another laugh. "Not at the simple fact. They say every woman has such a thing happen to her some time in her life. Do you think that is true?"

"The people in the newspapers say it can't be true," said I, "nowadays: though I don't think I ever knew a woman who had not——"

"Mrs. Spen will be back directly," cried Lady Isabella, hastily, "and I don't want her to know. I need not tell you that it all came to nothing, for you can see that; but, Mrs. Musgrave, now comes the funny part of it. His regiment is coming to the barracks, and he will be within five miles of us. Is it not odd?"

"I don't think it is at all odd," said I. "I daresay it is just in the natural order. If it will be painful to you to meet him, Lady Isabella——"

"That is the funniest of all," she said. "It will not be in the least painful to me to meet him. On the contrary, I want to meet him. It is very droll, but I do. I should so like to see what he looks like now, and if his temper is improved, and a hundred things. Besides, his sister used to be a great friend of mine; and when we broke it off I lost Augusta too. I want so much to know about her. Indeed, that is my

chief reason," she went on faltering, "for wishing to meet him." The words were scarcely spoken when she burst into a little peal of laughter. "What a stupid I am," she cried, "trying to take you in. No, Mrs. Musgrave, let me be honest; it is not for Augusta I want to see him. I should so like just to make sure—you know—if I was a very great fool, or if he was worth thinking of after all. Now," with a little sigh, "when one is perfectly dispassionate—and cool——"

"To be sure," said I, glad that it was dark, and she could not see me smile; "and now that we have settled all that, tell me what I am to do."

"You are so very kind," she said; and then went off again in that agitated laugh. "I am betraying myself frightfully; but I am sure you will understand me, Mrs. Musgrave, and not think anything absurd. You are sure to get acquainted with him, you know; and if you would ask him to the cottage—and ask us to meet him—— Good heavens! what a fool you must think me," she cried: "but I should like it, I confess."

"But, my dear, I never give dinners," I said; "and to ask a man, a strange man, to tea——"

"He would be sure to come—to you," she said very quickly, as if her breath had failed her.

"But, my dear, you are just as likely as I am—more likely—to meet him at other houses. It would be impossible otherwise. Not that I should mind asking him—though it is so odd to ask a man to tea."

"Hush!" she said, suddenly leaning forward and grasping my arm. "Mrs. Spen has told Lady Denzil—she meant it for kindness—so we shall not be asked to meet him. And I do wish it, just for once. Hush, here she is coming. I don't want her to know."

"Then, my dear, I will do it," said I, grasping her hand. It trembled and was hot, and she grasped mine again in an agitated, impetuous way. Could this be Lady Isabella, who was always so calm and self-possessed? I was rather afraid of her in general, for she had the name of being satirical; and this was entirely a new light on her character. But just then Mrs. Spencer came in, and scolded us for sitting in the dark, and rang for lights; and then no more could be said.

It was curious to look at the two when the lamp came. Mrs. Spencer seated herself on her side of the fire, like the husband coming in from his day's work. She was a clever woman, but she was matter-of-fact, and notwithstanding the long years they had lived together, was never quite sure what was the meaning of her friend's jibes and jests. It was this as much as anything that gave a sort of conjugal character to their relationship. Friends who were merely friends, and were so different, would, one was inclined to suppose, have got rid of each other years ago. But these two clung together in spite of all their differences, as if there were some bond between them which they had to make the best of. Mrs. Spencer began talking the moment she came in.

"I met Mrs. Damerel on the Green and she was asking for you,

Isabella; in short, she was quite surprised to see me out alone. 'I thought Lady Isabella always walked once a day at least,' she said. 'And so she pretends to do,' said I. And I told her what I said to you before I went out about your health. Depend upon it your health will suffer. A young woman at your age getting into these chimney-corner ways! Mrs. Musgrave, don't you agree with me that it is very wrong?"

"Don't scold me, please," said Lady Isabella, out of her corner; "if you both fall upon me, I am rather nervous to-night, and I know I shall cry."

At this Mrs. Spencer laughed; just as a husband would have done, taking it for the merest nonsense; yet somewhat propitiated, for there was an inference of superior wisdom, importance, goodness on his—I mean her—part, such as mollifies the marital mind. No one could have been more utterly bewildered than she, had she known that what her friend said was literally true. Lady Isabella had drawn a little screen between her and the fire, which sheltered her also from the modest light of the lamp; and I felt by the sound of her voice, that though, no doubt, she could restrain herself, it would have been a relief to her to have shed the tears which made her eyes hot and painful. She would have laughed, probably, while she was shedding them, but that makes no difference.

"You don't do enough, and Lady Denzil does too much," said Mrs. Spencer. "She surprises *me*, and I think I am as active as most people. I can't tell why she does it, I am sure. She is an old woman; it can't be any pleasure to her. There is a dinner-party there to-night, and another on Saturday; and on Monday the dance for those young Fieldings that are staying there—enough to kill a stronger woman. But these little fragile beings get through so much. She keeps up through it all and never looks a bit the worse."

"Are you going there, to-night?" said I. I had scarcely said it when I saw a little flutter behind the screen, and felt it was a foolish question. But it was too late.

"No," said Mrs. Spencer, pointedly; and she looked straight at Lady Isabella's screen with a distinctness of intimation that this abstinence was on her account, which would have puzzled me much but for the previous explanation I had had. Words would have been much less emphatic. She nodded her head a great many times, and she gave me a look which promised further information. She was fond of her companion, and I am sure would have sheltered her from pain at almost any cost to herself; but yet she enjoyed the mystery, and the story which lay below. "All the officers from the barracks will be there," she added, after a pause. "There is a Captain Fielding, an empty-headed—but they are all empty-headed. I don't care much about soldiers in an ordinary way, and I dislike guardsmen. So does Isabella."

And then there followed one of those embarrassing pauses which come against one's will when there is any secret undercurrent which everybody

knows and nobody mentions. Lady Isabella sat perfectly silent, and I, who ought to have come to the rescue,—I ran wildly in my mind over every topic of conversation possible,—at last rose to take my leave, not finding anything to say.

"Are you going, Mrs. Musgrave?" said Lady Isabella. "I will go to the door with you. I must show you the new flowers in the hall."

"Good gracious, something must be going to happen," said Mrs. Spencer, "when Isabella volunteers to show you flowers. Don't catch cold in the draught; but it is too dark: you can't possibly see any colour in them now."

"Never mind," said Lady Isabella, in an undertone; and she hurried out leading the way,—a thing I had never seen her do before. She made no pretence about the flowers when we got out to the hall. It was quite dark, and of course I could see nothing. She grasped my hand in a nervous, agitated way. She was trembling,—she, who was always so steady and calm. It was partly from cold, to be sure, but then the cold was caused by emotion. "His name is Colonel Brentford," she whispered in my ear; and then ran upstairs suddenly, leaving me to open the door for myself. I have received a great many confidences in my life, but seldom any so strange as this. I did not know whether to laugh or to be sorry, as I walked home thinking over it. Lady Isabella was the last person in the world to be involved in any romance; and yet this was romantic enough. And it was so difficult to make out how I could perform my part in it. Ask a guardsman, a strange colonel, a *man*, to tea! I could not but reflect how foolish I was, always undertaking things that were so difficult to perform. But I was pledged to do it, and I could not go back.

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## CHAPTER II.

I was to dine at Sir Thomas Denzil's that same evening, and so no doubt would Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella have done, but for that obstacle which the elder lady had set up and in which the younger seemed determined to foil her. I dressed to go out, with my heart beating a little quicker than usual. For myself, as may be supposed, the officers from the barracks were not very much to me; but the undertaking with which I suddenly found myself burdened was very serious, and made me nervous in spite of myself; and then the man's very name was strange to me. I thought over all my acquaintances, and everybody I had ever known; but I could not remember anybody of the name of Brentford. There were the Brentwoods of Northam, and the Bentleys, and a great many names came up to my mind which sounded like it at the first glance; but I could not recollect a single Brentford among all my acquaintance. "I wonder who his mother was?" I said to myself; for, to be sure, there might be a means of getting at him in that way; but it was impossible to find out at so short a notice. I almost felt as if I were a designing woman when I went

into Lady Denzil's drawing-room—and so I was, though I did not want to marry any of those unconscious warriors either personally or by proxy. Little did Lady Denzil suspect, as I went up to her—trying to look as innocent as possible—and little did the men of war think, of my evil projects, as they looked blandly at me, and set me down as that harmless and uninteresting being—an old lady. The one who took me in to dinner was an elderly, sober-looking, quiet gentleman. He was a Major Somebody, and I don't think he was so fine as the others. I drew breath when I had seated myself under his wing. It was a comfort to me to have escaped the young ones, who never forgive you, when they have to take you to dinner, for not being young and pretty. This was a man who had no pretensions above me—a man, probably, with a wife of his own and a large family, whom one could speak to freely and ask questions of. But before I would go so far, I made what private inspection I could. It was quite evident to me where the gap was which Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella ought to have filled. It had been hastily filled up by Lottie and Lucy Stoke, who were very much more to the taste of the guardsmen, I don't doubt, than if they had been their own grandmothers, ladies of county influence and majesty. Lucy, whose blue eyes were dancing in her head with mingled fright and delight to find herself in such a grand party, sat by a handsome dark man, to whom my eyes returned a great many times. He looked the kind of man whom a woman might be faithful to for years. Could it be *him*? He was amused with Lucy's excitement and her fright; perhaps he was flattered by it as men so often are. After a little while, I could see he took great pains to make himself agreeable; and I felt quite angry and jealous, though I am sure I could not have told why.

"Perhaps you recognize him?" my companion said to me, as he caught me watching this pair across the table. "He is one of the Elliots. His father had a place once in this neighbourhood. I am sure you must recollect his face."

"No, indeed," said I, denying by instinct. "That gentleman opposite—is his name Elliot? I was looking at the young lady by him. She is a little friend of mine, and I am petrified to find her here. I did not think she was out."

"That is why she likes it so well, I suppose," said the Major, with a little sigh.

"I am afraid you don't enjoy it much," said I. "Pray forgive me for being so very stupid. I should like to know which of these gentlemen is Colonel Brentford. I have heard his name—I should like to know which is he."

"He is sitting beside Lady Denzil," said my companion, shortly; and he said no more. His brevity startled me. I think Colonel Brentford from that moment began to lose in my opinion. I began to get frightened by the thought of what I had undertaken to do. I began to think it was a great pity Lady Isabella, a sensible woman, should waste



a thought upon the soldier, for no reason in the world but because my Major announced curtly, "He is sitting beside Lady Denzil," without adding a word to say, "I like him," or "he is a very nice fellow," or anything agreeable. I concluded he must be a bear or a brute, or something utterly frivolous and uninteresting. It never occurred to me that it might be my Major and not the unknown Colonel who was to blame. And I had pledged myself to ask such a man as this to tea!

We had gone back to the drawing-room, before I got what I could call a good look at him; and then I was even more disappointed to find that he was as far from looking a brute or a bear as he was from looking a hero. There was nothing remarkable about him; he was neither handsome nor ugly; he was neither young nor old. He stood and talked a long time to Lady Denzil, and his voice was pleasant, but the talk was about nothing—it was neither stupid nor clever. He was a man of negatives, it seemed. I was dreadfully disappointed for Lady Isabella's sake. I could not help figuring to myself what her feelings would be. No doubt he had been young when they had known each other, and youth has often a deceiving glitter about it, which never comes to anything. Chance threw my Major in my way again, at that advanced period of the evening. He said to me, "We have a long drive, and the night is chilly, and I wish I could get my young fellows into motion. These proceedings don't always agree with the taste of a man at my time of life; and my wife is always fidgety when I am out late—it is her way."

"Mrs. Bellinger is not here to-night?" I said.

"No, we are quite new to the place, and Lady Denzil has not had time to call yet—my wife, I am sure, would be delighted if you would go and see her. She is rather delicate, and far from her friends. Colonel Brentford is the only one——" And here he stopped short, with an abruptness that made me hate Colonel Brentford and repent my temerity more and more.

"I am so sorry you don't seem to have a favourable opinion of him," I said; "not that I know him, but I have heard some friends of mine—Oh, I am sure you did not mean to say a word against him——"

"Against him!" said the Major, stammering; "why, he is my best friend! He is the kindest fellow I know! He goes and sits with my wife when nobody else thinks of her. I don't want to find fault with any one; but Brentford—he is the man I am most grateful to in all the world!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I cried. Good heavens, what a very bad manner the man must have had to give one such a false idea. "I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Bellinger early next week," I said; for, after all, it did not seem so insane to ask a man who was in the habit of going to sit with an invalid lady. And then a kind of inspiration stole into my mind. Afternoon tea! that was the thing; not an evening-party, with all its horrors, which every man hates.

I don't know what Lady Denzil could think of me that evening; but

I stayed until everybody had gone, with a determination to hear something more about him. I think she was surprised; but then she is one of those women who understand you, even when they don't in the least know what you mean. That seems foolish, but it is quite true. She saw I had a motive, and she forgave me, though she was tired, and Sir Thomas looked surprised.

"The fly has never come back for me," I said. "I must ask you to let George walk across the green with me. I have got my big shawl, and I don't mind the cold."

"Wait a little now they have all gone, and let us have a talk," said Lady Denzil. What a blessing it is to have to do with a woman who understands!

"Our new friends are very much like all the others, I think," said I. "Captain Fielding seems nice. Is he brother or cousin to those pretty girls?"

"Brother, or I should not have him here," said Lady Denzil; "I have no confidence in cousins. Colonel Brentford looks sensible. I should not have thought him likely to do anything so foolish as that business, you know. I suppose Mrs. Spencer must have told you."

"No," I said, with a little thrill running through me; for, of course, it was something about Lady Isabella that was meant,—and I was actually an agent employed in the matter, and knew, and yet did not know.

"Lady Isabella and he were once engaged to be married," said Lady Denzil, speaking low. "Don't mention this, unless Mrs. Spencer tells you; but she is sure to tell you. And they quarrelled about some silly trifle. Mrs. Spencer says he flew into a passion, and that Lady Isabella had to give him up on account of his temper. He does not look like it, does he? Mrs. Spencer is most anxious that they should not meet."

"Do you think it is right to prevent people meeting, if they wish it?" said I; "perhaps Lady Isabella might think differently."

"It is best never to interfere," said Lady Denzil; "that is my principle—unless I am sure I can be of real use. Are you going now? You must wrap up well, for the night is rather cold."

"So my Major thought," I said to myself, as I went across the green; and I could not but smile at the thought of the poor gentleman buttoning up his great-coat as he drove with all those wild young fellows on their drag. Very likely he felt they might upset him at any moment driving through the dark—and it was a very dark night. My sympathies were much attracted by this good man. He had to give in to them a great deal, and put up with their foolish ways. I could not help wondering whether he had ever had such a commission given to him as mine; and then I reflected that Lady Isabella was not even young to be humoured and have her fancies given in to. The Colonel looked a sensible commonplace sort of man, with whom nobody had any right to quarrel. And perhaps Mrs. Spencer was right in doing her utmost to keep them apart. Perhaps

Mrs. Spencer was right ; but then, on the other hand, Lady Isabella was old enough to know her own mind and decide for herself. Such were the various thoughts that passed through my mind as I took that little walk through the dark with George behind me. It was a perplexing business altogether. But that I should be mixed up in it ! I could not but take myself to task, and ask myself what call had I to be thus mixed up with every sort of foolish business,—a woman of my age ?

I saw Lady Isabella two days after. She came running in quite early, before luncheon, to my extreme surprise, and gave me a wistful look of inquiry which went to my very heart. She could not say anything, however, for the Fielding girls were with me, talking of nothing but the dance which Lady Denzil was going to give for them. They assailed Lady Isabella directly, the moment she entered.

"Oh, why are not you coming on Monday ? Oh, Lady Isabella, do change your mind and come. It will be such a pretty dance. And all the officers are coming, so that there will be no want of partners. Lady Denzil says she always asks more men than ladies. Oh, Lady Isabella, do come !"

"That is very wise of Lady Denzil," said Lady Isabella ; "but I wonder how the extra men like it. No ; I don't think I shall go. I shall see all the officers, perhaps, another time." And with that she gave me another look which made me tremble, holding me to my word.

"Perhaps you don't dance," said Emma Fielding. "Oh, it is such a pity you won't come."

"My husband won't let me," said Lady Isabella ; "and, by-the-by, she will be waiting for me now. I had something to ask, but never mind, another time will do."

She asked the question all the same with her eyes. She looked at me almost sternly, inquiring, as plainly as words, "Have you done it ? Is my commission fulfilled ?" which I could only answer by a deprecating, humble look, begging her, as it were, to have patience with me. She shook her head slightly as she shook hands with me, and smiled, and then she sighed. That was the worst of all. I read a reproach in the sound of that sigh.

"What does she mean by her husband ?" said Edith Fielding. "Is she married, and does she call her husband 'she' ? Isn't she very queer ? That sort of person always bewilders me."

I could not help saying, "I daresay she does," with a certain irritation. As if it were within the bounds of possibility that creatures like these should understand Lady Isabella. And yet, alas ! if she were entering into the lists with them, how could she ever stand against them ? She, five-and-thirty and a little stout ; they, eighteen and nineteen. Is there a man in the world that would not turn to the young ones, and leave the mature woman ? That was the question I asked myself. I don't think I am cynical ; I have not a bad opinion of my fellow-creatures in general ; but still there are some matters which one knows beforehand. The

first thing to be done, however, was to make acquaintance with Colonel Brentford as soon as possible. I had promised to go to the dance, to take Lottie and Lucy Stoke; but then he would be dancing; he would not want to stand in a corner and talk to an old woman like me. Lady Isabella, at five-and-thirty, had given up dancing; but this man, though he was nearly five years older, of course did not think of giving it up. Most likely he felt himself on the level of the Fieldings and Stokes and the other girls, not on that of his old love. Men and women are so different. But, at all events, I would do nothing before Monday: and in the meantime, I had promised to go and call on Major Bellinger's invalid wife. There had been something about him that pleased me. Not that he was clever; but he had the look of a man who was not always at his ease, who had cares and perplexities in his life, and perhaps could not always make both ends meet. I always recognize that look. I am not very rich now, and never will be; but I once was poor, quite poor, and I know the look of it, and it goes to my heart.

Accordingly, the first day I was at liberty I drove into Royalborough to see Mrs. Bellinger. They were in a little house—one of the houses which people take for the purpose of letting them to the officers. It was opposite to a tall church, a three-storied house, with two rooms on each floor all the way up. There was a little oblong strip of garden in front and another oblong strip behind; and everything about it gave evidence that it was let furnished. But the little garden was rather pretty, and there was a virginian creeper hanging in rich red wreaths upon the walls. The drawing-room was the front room on the ground-floor. When I was shown in, it seemed to me that I interrupted the prettiest domestic scene. A lady, who looked very fragile and weak, though not ill, lay on a sofa in the room. Of course, she was Mrs. Bellinger. She was about forty, perhaps,—not much older than Lady Isabella. She had a lovely invalid complexion, a soft, delicate flush which came and went with every movement; her hair was beginning to get grey, and was partially covered by a cap. She looked very weak, very worn, very sweet and smiling, and cheerful. Near her, on a low chair, sat a gentleman with a book in his hand. He had been reading aloud, and had just stopped when I came to the door; and in front of him, at a little distance, seated on a stool, just by her mother's feet, sat a girl of seventeen or so, with her head bent over her work. This was Edith, the Major's favourite child, the only one at home. And the gentleman who had been reading aloud was Colonel Brentford, the man about whom my mind had been busy night and day!

I took the chair that was given me, and I began to talk, but all the freedom and ease was taken out of me. I felt as if I had received a blow. Poor Lady Isabella! I had already perceived that to put herself in competition with the young girls would be a hopeless notion indeed; but it was no longer the girls in general, some of whom were empty-headed enough, but Edith Bellinger in particular. Poor Lady Isabella! If she saw

him once like this, I said to myself, she would not wish to see him again!

"My husband told me you were going to be so good," said the invalid. "He told me how kind you had been, asking for me. I am really quite well for me, and I am sure I could do a great deal more if they would but let me. Hush, Edie! I am dreadfully petted and spoiled, Mrs. Musgrave. They make a baby of me, and Colonel Brentford is so kind as to come and read——"

"It is very good of him, I am sure," I said, mechanically; and then, without knowing what I was doing, I looked at Edith. She was quite unconscious of any meaning in my look. She smiled at me in return with all the sweet composure yet shyness of a child. Would he be equally unconscious? I raised my eyes and looked steadily at him. He bore my scrutiny very well indeed. I knew there was an angry flush on my face which I could not quite conceal, and an eager look of inquiry. It puzzled him, there was no doubt. A vague sort of wonder came into his eyes, and he smiled too. What could the old woman mean? I am sure he was thinking. Edith was very pretty, but then a great many girls are pretty. What was particular about her was her sweet look, which moved me even, though I was so hostile to her. One saw she was ready to run anywhere, to do anything, at the least little glance from her mother. She was mending stockings—the homeliest work—and she looked such a serviceable, useful creature—so different from those Fielding girls, who thought of nothing but the dance. To be sure, the stockings and the useful look were much more likely to please me than to attract a guardsman; but I did not think of that in my sudden jealousy of her. Poor, poor Lady Isabella!

And he did not go away, as he would have done had this been a chance visit. He kept his place, and joined in the conversation as if he belonged to the house. When I asked Mrs. Bellinger to come and see me, he seconded me quite eagerly. He was sure she was able, he said; while Edith put her pretty head on one side, and looked very wise and very doubtful.

"Oh, Colonel Brentford, please don't be so rash—please don't!" said Edith. "It is very, very kind of Mrs. Musgrave, but we must think it over first—we must, indeed."

"I will send my pony," said I; "he is the steadiest little fellow, and it is such a pretty drive. The weather is so mild that I am sure it would do you good."

"Now, Edith, please let me go," said the invalid. "Do not be such a little hard-hearted inexorable—Colonel Brentford is the kindest of you all. He is ready to let me have a little indulgence, and so is the Major, Mrs. Musgrave; but Edith is the most odious little tyrant——"

"Mamma dear, it is for your good," said Edith, with the deepest gravity; and the mother and the friend looked at each other and laughed. How pretty it was to see her shaking her young head, looking so serious,

so judicious, so full of care ! " No wonder if he is fond of her," I said to myself. I felt my own heart melting ; but, all the same, I steeled it against her, feeling that I was on the other side.

" And I am sure," I said, with an effort—for it seemed almost like encouraging him—" I shall be very glad to see Colonel Brentford too ; if you will take the trouble to come so far for a cup of tea ? "

He said it would give him the greatest pleasure, with a cordiality that made me cross, and got up and took his leave, shaking hands with me in his friendliness. Why was he so friendly, I wonder ? When he was gone, Mrs. Bellinger launched into his praises.

" You must not think it is only me he is good to," she said ; " he is kind to everybody. People laugh at the guardsmen, and make fun of them ; but if they only knew George Brentford ! Because they see him everywhere in society, they think he is just as frivolous as the rest. But if they knew what kind of places he goes to when nobody sees him—as we do, Edith ! "

" Yes, mamma," said Edith, as calm as any cabbage. The mother was quite moved by her gratitude and enthusiasm, but the daughter took it all very quietly. " He means to be very kind, but he is rash," said the little wise woman ; " he gives the boys knives and things, though he knows they always cut themselves. He thinks so much more of pleasing people than of what is right. If Mrs. Musgrave would leave it open, mamma dear, and then we could see how you are——"

This was how it was finally decided ; indeed, before I left, even after that first visit, I could see that things were generally decided as Edith thought best. They were to come, on Saturday—the Saturday before the ball,—if Mrs. Bellinger was well enough ; and Colonel Brentford was to come too. I asked myself all the way back what Lady Isabella would think of the arrangement. That was not how she expected to meet him. She had wanted to see her old love—a man whom (I could not but feel) she had never quite put out of her heart—perhaps only to prove herself, perhaps to try if any lingerings of the old tenderness remained in him. And now that it was arranged, and she was really to see him, it was in company of a young, bright creature who, there could be little doubt, was all to him that Lady Isabella had ever been. What a shock and bitter dispelling of all dreams for her ! but yet, perhaps, to do that at once and at a blow was kindest after all.

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## Daniel Defoe.

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DANIEL DEFOE, one of the most popular of English authors, and probably the most voluminous writer in the language, is to many readers little better than a name. They are familiar with *Robinson Crusoe*, with the *History of the Plague*, and with *Mrs. Veal's Apparition*; they know, because Pope has told them, that Defoe stood in the pillory; and they know also, because Hume has told them, that he was a party-writer; doubtless they know, too, that he was a Dissenter, in an age when Dissent was unpopular; and that, after a laborious and troubled life, he was buried in the famous burial-ground consecrated to dissenting dust in Bunhill Fields. These facts, with, perhaps, half-a-dozen more, comprise, we venture to say, the popular knowledge of Defoe. Compared with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, he is but the shadow of a shade. The author's immortal tale, translated into all languages that can boast a literature, is a household book throughout the world: but the author himself is for the most part neglected and unknown. The more we consider this anomaly the stranger does it appear.

Defoe lived and did the best part of his life's work in one of the most celebrated periods of our literary history. He was the contemporary of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior, of Atterbury and Gay. When Steele was writing his delightful *Tatler*, and the *Spectator* was winning a place upon every breakfast-table, Defoe was the busiest, and perhaps the most prominent of journalists. He commenced his *Review* in 1704, five years before the *Tatler*, and brought it to a conclusion in 1718, one year before the last volume of the *Spectator*. In 1711, when Pope wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, Defoe produced seventeen distinct publications; in 1727, when Gay electrified the town with his *Beggar's Opera*, and Swift astonished the nation with *Gulliver's Travels*, the indefatigable Defoe was still busy as ever at his trade of author. It may be useful to add that Addison, who was born eleven years later than Defoe, died two months after the appearance of *Robinson Crusoe*, in 1719; that Prior and Defoe were young men together; that Congreve, who was by several years Defoe's junior, died before him; that Gay, born more than a quarter of a century after the novelist, outlived him scarcely a year; and that Francis Atterbury and Defoe may be said to have commenced life and closed it together.

With these facts before us—and many of a like bearing might be added—it is certainly curious that when we speak of the Queen Anne men we never think of Defoe; and that historians of acknowledged reputation, in recording the literary or political history of that period, either

omit his name from their pages or allude to it with indifference. Defoe was on confidential terms with King William, yet he does not figure in Lord Macaulay's *History of England*; he was employed by Queen Anne on important missions, and took no mean part in the negotiations which preceded the union with Scotland, yet he is unnoticed by Earl Stanhope in his *History of England*, and but slightly noticed in his recent *History of the Reign of Queen Anne*. Hume alludes to him as "a scurrilous party-writer in very little reputation;" and Dr. Johnson, whose father was a country bookseller, and who in early life was forced to gain his own bread by almost servile employments, is generous enough to allow a large share of merit to a man "who, bred a tradesman, had written so variously and so well." Defoe has been well termed the father of English novelists, and his great successor, Richardson, studied his style of composition with no little assiduity; yet all Richardson has to say in his favour is, that he was "an ingenious gentleman, though a dissenter." Next to Swift, Defoe was the ablest political writer of the day, yet both Swift and his friend Pope speak of him only to sneer; and it is worth noting that while the *Examiner*, in which the Dean displayed his vigour as a journalist, is included in his works, Defoe's *Review*—a paper every whit as able, and curiously characteristic of the writer's genius—has never been reprinted. Again, it is remarkable that, although Defoe lived in an age of literary gossip, and was continually engaging the attention of the public, the facts preserved with regard to his personal career are few and comparatively unimportant. We know more of what he did than of what he was; a great deal more of his literary occupations, imperfect as our knowledge of them is, than of his home life. Pope and Swift, Addison and Steele, are as familiar to most of us as the men of letters of our own century. We know as much about Pope as about Southey, as much of Addison as of Wordsworth, and the whole story of Dick Steele can be read by us as clearly as if the innumerable notelets and messages addressed to his "dearest Prue" had been despatched in the era of the penny post, of railroads and telegraphs. On the other hand, we know so little of Defoe, apart from the productions of his versatile genius, that Mr. Henry Kingsley, in writing an admirable preface to the Globe edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, is reduced to the conclusion "that this wondrous romance is no romance at all, but a merely allegorical account of Defoe's own life for twenty-eight years." This ignorance, be it remarked, is not owing to any lack of industry on the part of biographers. Several lives of Defoe have been written, and of these Mr. Walter Wilson's *Memoir*, published in three bulky volumes about forty years ago, is undoubtedly the best that we possess. It is an honest, manly work, written without pretension, and with great knowledge and care—a trustworthy and respectable work, but, if the truth must be added, a little wearisome and dull. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when nearly two thousand pages are devoted to a subject which, considering the lack of material, might be fitly treated in two hundred?

Mr. Lee's lately published *Life* comes before the world with considerable pretensions. A few years ago, as our readers may remember, the discovery of six letters of Defoe in the State Paper Office, threw a new light upon the biography of the writer, and proved beyond all question that his career as a journalist was prolonged far beyond the period commonly supposed. Chalmers and Wilson had told us upon what seemed to be good ground, that Defoe's political labours ceased in the year 1715, and that after that date, having suffered meanwhile from an apopleptic seizure, he devoted his energies to the works which have made his name immortal. The six letters show that this statement was an error, and that Defoe's work in the newspapers of the day had not ceased in 1718. They show also that Defoe's conduct was by no means so honourable as had been hitherto supposed, and those of us who cherish a passionate admiration of this famous writer might be almost tempted to wish that so unfortunate a page of his history had never seen the light. The reasons given by Mr. Lee for a new biography of his hero, will be found in the following extract :—

The unanimous concurrence of all his previous biographers, is the dictum that his political life terminated in 1715 ; the accidental reappearance of his six letters in the State Paper Office, and the investigation to which they led ; the exhumation of this large collection of his journalistic writings, between the years 1716 and 1731 ; the discovery (guided by the fact of his continued political life) that he was the author of many pamphlets and works not heretofore known to be his ; and that he was not the author of many works that have been attributed to him ; the rectification of the chronology of his works ; the consequent alteration in sequence of the events of his life ; the impossibility of interweaving all these circumstances with the extracts forming the body of this work ; the previous misconception as to the moderate and conservative part of Defoe's character ; and, moreover, the fact that his writings contained in this publication will be entirely new to the public,—all conducted to the necessity of re-writing the memoirs of his life.

It will be seen from this brief statement that Mr. Lee considers he had sound reasons for undertaking a new Memoir of Defoe ; and when we add that the writer has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, that Defoe was a Conservative, and from first to last "a sincere, consistent upholder of the Church of England, its establishment, and its doctrines, though a dissenter from its forms of worship," it is evident that he breaks new ground with regard to the biography, and is something better than a mere book-maker. In Mr. Lee's eyes the faults of Defoe are virtues ; and despite the discovery of the six letters, Mr. Lee holds to the belief that Defoe's conduct, while acting as a spy for the Government, was upright and consistent, since he has been unable to discover "any condition or stipulation, direct or implied, that he should ever write a word contrary to his conscience or to the principles which had directed his whole life ; nor," he adds naively, "have I found that he ever did so!" For some years Defoe received the pay of the Government for secret services. He worked for Harley at the time when that Minister had drifted into Toryism, and was

supported by Swift. When Harley was superseded he worked for his enemy Godolphin. What were the services he rendered we do not know, and are therefore bound to believe them honourable; although it is difficult to see how Defoe, a Dissenter and a Whig, could have acted in conjunction with Harley, who was a persecutor of the sectaries, in heart a Tory, and in practice a Trimmer. It is possible that the connection was creditable to all the persons concerned; but the employment of Defoe by the Government, during the ministry of Lord Townshend, is a very different matter. According to Mr. Lee's own statement that nobleman proposed, in 1715, "that Defoe should be taken into the service of the Government, but that the world should not be informed of the fact, and still consider him under displeasure, and separated from the Whigs." This statement is borne out by passages in the recently discovered letters. From these it appears that, by the desire of the Government, Defoe took shares in Tory papers, wrote articles for them, and undertook an editorial supervision, with the deliberate purpose of defeating the aims of the party to which, professedly, he was allied, and of the proprietors with whom he was in partnership. Thus, of one journal, he writes, that though the property was not wholly his own—

Yet the conduct and government of the style and views was so entirely in me that I ventured to assure his lordship the sting of that mischievous paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the style should continue Tory, as it was, that the party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the design.

And of another :—

I introduced myself in the disguise of a translator of the foreign news, to be so far concerned in this weekly paper of Mist's as to be able to keep it within the circle of a secret management, and also prevent the mischievous part of it; and yet neither Mist, nor any of those concerned with him, have the least guess or suspicion by whose direction I do it.

And then in language which is perfectly unmistakable, he sums up, as follows, the shabby part he was playing :—

By this management the *Weekly Journal* and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same nature of management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory papers, and yet be disabled and enervated so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government. . . . I am, sir, for this service, posted among Papists, Jacobites, and enraged high Tories, a generation who, I profess, my very soul abhors; I am obliged to hear traitorous expressions and outrageous words against his Majesty's person and government, and his most faithful servants, and smile at it all as if I approved it. I am obliged to take all the scandalous and, indeed, villainous papers that come, and keep them by me as if I would gather materials from them to put them into the news; nay, I often venture to let things pass which are a little shocking, that I may not render myself suspected. Thus I tow in the House of Rimmon.

By what casuistry Defoe reconciled such conduct to his conscience it is impossible to say. In his earlier days his stern integrity and blunt out-spokenness had thrown him ever and again into a sea of troubles, for no sooner did he escape from the waves, than some courageous utterance,

or some clever piece of irony which his enemies could not understand, caused him to be turned adrift once more. With the enthusiasm of a young man he had taken part with Monmouth and risked his life in a foolish cause; when he wrote a humorous proposal to exterminate Dissenters, and the printer was like to suffer, Defoe came forward at once and endured the penalty of his wit; when Dissenters practised occasional conformity for the sake of worldly position, he denounced them in no measured language; when Churchmen acted with intolerance towards Dissenters, no unfrequent occurrence in an age when the name of Sacheverell was coupled with the Church, Defoe boldly maintained the freedom of religious opinion, and asserted that the violence of the High Church party was every day driving ecclesiastical sheep into dissenting pastures. So severe, indeed, was his honesty that he pleased nobody; he aimed his blows in every direction, indifferent whether at friend or foe, so long as he could strike at abuses in the State and in the Church. Controversy was his delight, and for the sake of it he made large pecuniary sacrifices and endured the most painful privations. The Grub Street hacks of the day bespattered him with Billingsgate; the men of letters abused him after their fashion, which was only a trifle less scurrilous; the Whigs called him a Jacobite; the Tories, a mercenary prostitute; and according to his own statement, made in proof of his integrity, he lived under universal contempt. Writing in 1712, Defoe says:—

I'll do and say what I think is a debt to justice and truth without the least regard to clamour and reproach. . . . In the school of affliction I have learnt more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison I have learnt to know that liberty does not consist in open doors and the free egress and regress of locomotion. I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth; and have in less than half a year tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate. . . . And now I live under universal contempt, which contempt I have learnt to condemn, and have an uninterrupted joy in my soul; not at my being condemned, but that no crime can be laid to my charge to make that contempt my due.

And then, after recounting the difficulties under which he laboured from an insupportable weight of debt and from having to maintain a wife and six children, he adds:—

Under all these circumstances, and many more too long to write, my only happiness is this: I have always been kept cheerful, easy, and quiet, enjoying a perfect calm of mind, clearness of thought, and satisfaction not to be broken in upon by whatever may happen to me. If any man ask me how I arrived to it, I answer him in short, by a constant serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work of resignation to the will of Heaven, by which let no man think I presume.

These are good and brave words, and harmonize with the divine philosophy which breathes through every chapter of *Robinson Crusoe*. In the paper from which we have quoted, Defoe says, "I have been fed more by miracle than Elijah when the ravens were his purveyors," and so he makes Crusoe declare upon his solitary island:—

I ought to consider I had been fed even by miracle, even as great as that of feeding Elijah by ravens. . . . In a word, as my life was a life of sorrow one way,

it was a life of mercy another ; and I wanted nothing to make it a life of comfort, but to be able to make my sense of God's goodness to me and care over me in this condition be my daily consolation ; and after I did make a just improvement of these things I went away and was no more sad.

Brave words again, and uttered—it were a shame to doubt it—from the heart of the writer. Yet it is passing strange to note, and we shall not attempt to reconcile the contradiction that the first passage was written a few years before Defoe “ bowed in the House of Rimmon,” and the latter at the very time when he was engaged in a course of systematic deception. Even Mr. Lee acknowledges that Defoe's position was a questionable one, and states that the secret service rendered by him to the Government is—

The key to the reproaches and calumnies that continued to be heaped upon him, to the silence with which he bore insult and scandal without deserving it, and to the anonymous publication and non-recognition by himself, subsequently, of even his most celebrated works.

Still he is not prepared to allow that this ignoble employment lowers Defoe's high character for integrity, consistency, and independence.

From his early youth, Defoe was a politician and a journalist, and it is curious to observe how often this many-sided man, with his bright vivacity of intellect, his broad tolerance and independent thought, advocated the views and started in the tracks with which the present age is familiar. He anticipated recent discoveries, suggested what we are wont to regard as modern theories, battled bravely for truths which are even now but partially established, evinced a power of grasping details as well as principles, and that practical sagacity which we are sometimes foolish enough to regard as a national characteristic. In an age when toleration was so little understood that a law was passed preventing Dissenters from acting as schoolmasters—when printers were hanged for printing treasonable pamphlets—when the frank expression of opinion led to the pillory, to confiscation, and to Newgate—Defoe, fearless and unabashed, as he is justly termed in the *Dunciad*, advocated the right of private judgment and the broadest toleration of all forms of religious belief. In an age when fashionable vices were mistaken for virtues ; when Dean Swift was on friendly terms with Mrs. Manley ; when the Countess of Suffolk was courted by the wits ; when Cabinet Ministers got drunk as a matter of course ; when bribes were openly offered and accepted, and Sir Robert Walpole declared, “ I know the price of every man in the Lords except three ; ” when many of the clergy frequented ale-houses and taverns, or spent their time in hunting after preferment ; when even the dull, respectable court of the good-natured Queen Anne was sometimes notorious for its orgies ; and when, as Mr. Lee observes, the grossest vice was exhibited openly ;—Defoe, true-born Englishman as he was, spoke out boldly against the follies and sins of the time. He took upon himself the office of public censor, and performed it without flinching. His language on such occasions is rarely polite, but it is always vigorous, although not



always just. Sometimes, too, he falls into a fault he would have been the first to condemn in others, and apes the flatterer—an office that seems strangely at variance with his rough-grained democratic nature. In spite of King William's connection with Lady Orkney, Defoe declares that "he was a prince of the greatest piety, sincerity, and unfeigned religion either history relates or memory informs of in the world." Of Prince George of Denmark, who, according to Macaulay, was hardly an accountable being, and of whom Charles II. said, "I have tried Prince George sober and I have tried him drunk; and, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him," Defoe writes in the most extravagant strain of eulogy, terming him a great and good man, whose sedateness of judgment and consummate prudence commanded respect from the whole nation. Of Queen Anne, who, according to the courtier-preachers of the age, was endowed with transcendent virtues, Defoe sings, in something slightly better than his wonted doggerel :—

Our Church established and our trade restored,  
Our friends protected and our peace secured,  
France humbled, and our fleets insulting Spain,—  
These are the triumphs of a female reign.  
At home, her milder influence she imparts,  
Queen of our souls and monarch of our hearts ;  
If change of sexes thus will change our scenes,  
Grant, Heaven, we always may be ruled by queens !

And of George I., a selfish, brutal libertine, who cared infinitely more for his German mistresses and cooks than for the welfare of his kingdom, Defoe writes :—

His person is comely and grave, his countenance has majesty and sweetness so mixt that nothing can be better suited to the throne of a king. . . . His temper is goodness itself, inexpressibly obliging, to the last degree courteous and kind, yet not lowered beneath the dignity of his birth. He is steady in council, sedate in resolving, vigorous in executing, brave and gallant in the field, wise and politick in the camp, enterprising in the matter of action, and yet of so calm a courage that he who dares do anything that is fit to do, can never be in danger of precipitating into what is impracticable to be done. In short, if it may be said of any man in Europe, it may be said of his Majesty, that he is born for council and fitted to command the world.

This flattery of monarchs was carried so far in that day as to reach, in many cases, to sheer blasphemy. Few writers of the century are without traces of the complaint, and, compared with some of his contemporaries, Defoe may be said to have had it in a mild form.

If Defoe had lived only as long as Shakspeare, he would have been unknown to the world as a great imaginative writer. His reputation, if it had survived, would have rested on his achievements as a journalist and on his sufferings in the cause of political freedom. He called himself a poet, indeed, and the assumption was scarcely arrogant in an age when Nahum Tate was laureate ; but, richly endowed as he was in other ways, when he attempted to put on his singing robes he presented a sorry figure.

Only a few familiar couplets are likely to survive the wreck of Defoe's verse. His deeds as a social and political reformer will be more readily remembered. Mr. Lee observes that he was the first and foremost advocate of free trade; and he points out that the chief supporters of the doctrine were Tories—"the Whigs espousing the principles of protection and prohibition." Defoe, too, may be said to have originated what we are now accustomed to call leading articles, and he was, we believe, the first to issue a penny paper. When every gentleman was expected to defend his honour by duelling, he denounced the custom as a folly and a sin; he saw the necessity of prison reform before John Howard set about the task of his life; he anticipated Whately in his arguments against mendicancy, and Dr. Andrew Reed in projecting an asylum for idiots; he advocated an academy for literature; and the ladies and gentlemen who have lately been so zealous in promoting the foundation of a college for women, might have gathered arguments in its favour from the writings of Defoe. "I would have them take women for companions," he said, "and educate them to be fit for it;" and he adds, "I cannot think that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same enjoyments as men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves." Defoe, moreover, favoured perfect freedom of the press; he suggested a plan for the prevention of street robberies; a plan for the proper management of the insane, and the licensing of private asylums, so that no person might be sent to them "without due reason, inquiry, and authority;" a plan for the safe establishment of friendly societies and savings'-banks; a plan for the improvement of the high-roads; and a plan for the establishment of a university in London.

It was as an old man—for a man so buffeted with the storms of fortune may be reckoned old at fifty-nine—and it was, as we have said, after a fit of apoplexy, that Defoe produced his unrivalled story. Like Richardson, he won his fame at a period when, in most men, the imaginative faculty becomes dormant. Defoe was in his staid Dutch fashion a consummate literary artist. There have been greater novelists, but not one, we think, who has shown more skill in the management of his materials, or produced so fine an effect from the accumulation of prosaic details. *Robinson Crusoe* became famous immediately, has been famous ever since, and is likely to continue popular so long as literature endures. In this tale Defoe exhibits an intense imagination which at times leads him to the verge of poetry. All his fictions display an infinite amount of invention, and of practical experience; but the first and best of them is perhaps the only one in which the supreme faculty comes into play, the only one that awakens strong emotion in the reader and carries him, despite the homely, colloquial style of narrative, into a region of high romance. "*Crusoe's* lonely isle" has a more familiar hold upon our boys than any historic site with which they are

acquainted. Few spots distinguished in geography have a greater interest than this. It is something to discover an island, but it is better to create one, and Defoe's freehold is more precious, and bids fair to be more permanent than any possessed by duke or marquis. "This man could have founded a colony as well as governed it," said a statesman after reading Defoe's great novel. Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, said that *Robinson Crusoe* was one of the few books a reader would wish longer. Marmontel observed that it was the first book he ever read with exquisite pleasure; and Rousseau wrote: "Since we must have books, this is one which in my opinion is a most excellent treatise on natural education. This is the first my Emilius shall read; his whole library shall long consist of this work." Similar quotations might of course be multiplied by scores, but a tale that has been accepted by the world needs not the commendation of men of letters. Yet those of us who still rejoice in this book of our boyhood, must have heard or read with no common pleasure, the remarks made some time ago at the banquet of the Royal Geographical Society by one of the most illustrious of our scientific men. Professor Owen, in alluding to "the most popular of all records of geographical discovery and adventure" made by "the adventurous mariner, Robinson Crusoe," said:—

It is unfortunate that lack of instruments for lunar observations prevented the determination of the precise locality of the most celebrated of the islands which he discovered. But when we reflect on the influence of the literary results of his expeditions in stimulating the youth of all nations to geographical exploration and adventure, we may hope in that noble hall, which the prophetic vision of our president doubtless sees rising in the future, that a statue of Crusoe may be raised from the sole remaining authentic portrait which adorns the frontispiece of the first edition of his famous geographical work.

One more remark suggested by *Robinson Crusoe* will not be inappropriate. When a man produces an incomparable work, we are content to solve all difficulties regarding it, by saying that it is a work of genius. That Defoe's novel merits this distinction none will question, although it may not rank with the noblest creations of literature; for the story is not, like Shakspeare's *Tempest*, a splendid effort of the imagination, but is rather the fruit of a life's experience, and of accumulated stores of knowledge. We cannot accept Mr. Henry Kingsley's theory, that "this wondrous romance of *Robinson Crusoe* is no romance at all, but a merely allegorical account of Defoe's own life for twenty-eight years;" and when he says there is no doubt at all that by the cannibal Caribbees, Defoe meant the Tories, and that the name of the first savage he killed with his gun was called Sacheverell, we can but smile at the ingenious discovery. It is evident, no doubt, that in this his wisest and most beautiful work, the author records much that he himself had learnt and suffered during a troubled life. In all his fictions, indeed, he identifies himself with his characters; and even his villains—women as well as men—bear a family likeness to their literary father. It seems hard to say this of such characters as Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Colonel Jack; but while com-

mitting hateful sins and crimes, and relating what they have done, they moralize upon their evil deeds with the seriousness and sobriety of a sedate old gentleman whose one object in life is the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Yet the descent from the light and purity of the great romance to the oppressive and noxious atmosphere of the minor novels is great indeed. *Robinson Crusoe* stands out from its companions like a noble mountain amidst a range of stunted hillocks; it is a book so manly in tone, so feminine in sweetness, so Christian in feeling, that it deserves a place on the same shelf with the *Faery Queene* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But on what shelf, and with what companions, shall we place *Roxana* and *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, and *Captain Singleton*? Not certainly with books in which splendid powers are perverted to evil, and vice is tricked out to wear the semblance of virtue; but among books that display, with the fidelity of a photograph, human nature at its worst, vice in all its grossness, and the low aims of low people in all their vulgarity. Love, in the highest meaning of the word, was unknown to Defoe, and is not, therefore, portrayed in his novels. He wrote only of what he knew, and of this he knew nothing. His women are without grace, without purity, without dignity, they are even without passion; and when led astray, are not influenced by their affections, but by a love of greed. Their aims are mercenary, their manners loose, their language commonplace; they are wholly destitute of sentiment and of the charm of poetry. But they act and speak like living beings, instead of moving like puppets. The truth of the likenesses reconciles us to their coarseness. They interest us, because of the one touch of nature, and as specimens of our common humanity.

Defoe professes to write always with a moral, and even with a religious purpose. He was an honest and severe Presbyterian, who regarded actors as the "sons of hell," and was so thorough a Sabbatarian that he considered the licensing of a certain number of hackney-coaches to ply on Sundays as the worst blemish of King William's reign, and we suppose, therefore, a greater slur upon his memory than the massacre of Glencoe. He had from his youth belonged to a strait sect, and had shown himself willing to suffer persecution for his creed. When his minor fictions were published Defoe was more than sixty years of age, and had just produced one of the wholesomest and most beautiful tales we possess in the language. Is it possible that these far inferior books were written years before, when he was immured in Newgate, and when, doubtless, he acquired much of the special knowledge they exhibit, and that the extraordinary popularity of *Robinson Crusoe*, which gained its high position at a bound, induced him to give them also to the world? It would be a satisfaction to think that such novels as *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana* were not among the last works of an old man. His aim, it may be admitted, was to portray the ugliness of vice and the divine beauty of virtue, and certainly he displays vice after a very undraped fashion. If people don't dislike it, he says it is their own fault; and their fault, too, if they do not gain

instruction from the inevitable moral which follows the representation. But the first object of fiction is amusement; and this, in the novels we are speaking of, can only be gathered from the vicious or criminal adventures of the characters described. Books such as these are not taken up for the sake of instruction. It is impossible, therefore, to accept Defoe's asseverations that his sole object in writing his fictions was didactic, and we agree with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lee, that they cannot be recommended for indiscriminate perusal.

Of Defoe the man—apart from Defoe the politician, the polemist, the social reformer, and the novelist—there is so little to be said that the biographer who attempts a portrait on a large scale is almost forced to write a history of his times and of his works. The times are interesting, the works manifold, and what with chronicle and criticism, abundant extracts and minute historical details, such a memoir easily swells out into goodly proportions. Still it may be questioned whether the little we know accurately of Defoe is not to some extent obscured by these extraneous details. From the midst of them, however, it is certainly possible to form a portrait which, at least in its broader features, will be tolerably well defined.

How clear-sighted this man was, what abundant energy he possessed, how willingly he sacrificed private emolument for the public good, with what cheerfulness he turned the most adverse circumstances to practical account, how strong he was in the invincible ardour of an heroic soul—all this is duly set forth in Mr. Lee's biography. Forget the six fatal letters, and you will acknowledge that a braver and nobler specimen of English manhood never walked this island; remembering them sorrowfully, as you needs must, and while perplexed at the unrighteous conduct of a righteous man, you are content to confess you do not understand the inconsistency, and to accept, as compensation, the virtues of a life.

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## Nathaniel Hawthorne.

### I.

I AM sitting opposite the likeness of the rarest genius America has yet given to literature,—a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

Wandered lonely as a cloud,—

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude.

The portrait, an exquisite drawing by Rowse, is a very truthful representation of the head of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. But, although he was several times painted and photographed, the light and beauty of his eyes were never faithfully rendered by painter or photographer. I remember to have heard, in literary circles of London, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. During his consular residence in England, I was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody.

There is a charming old lady, now living two doors from me, who dwelt in Salem when Hawthorne was born, and being his mother's neighbour at that time (Mrs. Hawthorne then lived in Union Street), she went in, and saw the little winking thing in its mother's arms. She is very clear as to the beauty of the infant, even when only a week old, and remembers that "he was a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls." She also tells me that Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman, with remarkable eyes, full of sensibility and expression, and that she was a person of singular purity of mind. Hawthorne's father, whom my friend knew well, she describes as a warm-hearted and kindly man, very fond of children. He was somewhat inclined to melancholy, and of a reserved disposition. He was a great reader, employing all his leisure-time over books.

Hawthorne's father died when Nathaniel was four years old, and from that time his uncle, Robert Manning, took charge of his education, sending him to the best schools, and afterwards to college. When the lad was about nine years old, while playing bat and ball at school, he lamed his foot so badly that he used crutches for more than a year. His foot ceased to grow like the other, and the doctors of the town were called in to examine the little lame boy. He was not perfectly restored till he was twelve years old. His kind-hearted schoolmaster, Joseph Worcester, the author of the Dictionary, came every day to the house to hear the boy's



lessons, so that he should not fall behind in his studies. He used to lie flat upon the carpet, and read and study the long days through. Some time after he recovered from this lameness he had an illness causing him to lose the use of his limbs, and he was obliged to seek again the aid of his old crutches, which were then pieced out at the ends to make them longer. While a little child, and as soon almost as he began to read, the authors he most affected were Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. The *Castle of Indolence* was an especial favourite with him during boyhood. The first book he bought with his own money was a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*.

One who watched him during his childhood tells me that "when he was six years old his favourite book was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; and that whenever he went to visit his grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the old family copy to a large chair in a corner of the room near a window, and read it by the hour, without once speaking. No one ever thought of asking how much of it he understood. His mind developed itself. . . . He used to invent long stories, wild and fanciful, and tell where he was going when he grew up, and of the wonderful adventures he was to meet with, always ending with, in quite a solemn tone, 'And I'm never coming back again.' "

When he could scarcely speak plainly, it is related by members of the family that the little fellow would go about the house, repeating with vehement emphasis and gestures certain striking passages from *Richard III.*, which he had overheard from older persons about him. One line, in particular, made a great impression upon him, and he would start up on the most unexpected occasions, and exclaim, in his loudest tones,—

"Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass!"

When Hawthorne was a little more than twelve, the family moved to Raymond, in the State of Maine; here his out-of-door life did him great service, for he grew tall and strong, and became a good shot and an excellent fisherman. At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College, and after his graduation returned again to live in Salem. During his youth he had an impression that he should die before the age of twenty-five; but the Mannings, his ever-watchful and kind relations, did everything possible for the care of his health, and he was tided safely over the period when he was most delicate.

When a youth he made a journey into New Hampshire with one of his relatives. They travelled by waggon, and met with many adventures, which the young man chronicled in his letters home. Some of the touches in these epistles were very characteristic and amusing, and they showed in those early years his quick observation and descriptive power. The travellers "put up" at Farmington, in order to rest over Sunday. Hawthorne writes to a member of the family in Salem: "As we were wearied with rapid travelling, we found it impossible to attend divine service, which was, of course, very grievous to us both. In the evening,

however, I went to a Bible class, with a very polite and agreeable gentleman, whom I afterwards discovered to be a strolling tailor, of very questionable habits."

When the travellers arrived in the Shaker village of Canterbury, Hawthorne at once made the acquaintance of the community there, and the account which he sent home was to the effect that the brothers and sisters led a good and comfortable life, and he wrote: "If it were not for the ridiculous ceremonies, a man might do a worse thing than to join them." Indeed, he spoke to them about becoming a member of their Society, and was evidently much impressed with the thrift and peace of the establishment.

This visit in early life to the Shakers is interesting as suggesting to Hawthorne his beautiful story of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," to be found in his volume of *The Snow-Image, and other Twice-Told Tales*.

A lady of my acquaintance, the identical "Little Annie" of the "Ramble," in *Twice-Told Tales*, remembers the young man "when he returned home after his collegiate studies." "He was even then," she says, "a most noticeable person, never going into society, and deeply engaged in reading everything he could lay his hands on. It was said in those days that he had read every book in the 'Athenæum Library' in Salem. This lady relates that when she was a child, and before Hawthorne had printed any of his stories, she used to sit on his knee and lean her head on his shoulder, while by the hour he would fascinate her with delightful legends, much more wonderful and beautiful than any she has ever read since in printed books.

The traits of the Hawthorne character were stern probity and truthfulness. Hawthorne's mother had many characteristics in common with her distinguished son, she also being a reserved and thoughtful person. Those who knew the family describe the son's affection for her as of the deepest and tenderest nature, and they remember that when she died his grief was almost insupportable.

I first saw Hawthorne when he was about thirty-five years old. He had then published a collection of his sketches, the now famous *Twice-Told Tales*. Longfellow, ever alive to what is excellent, and eager to do a brother author opportune and substantial service, at once came before the public with a generous estimate of the work in the *North American Review*; but the choice little volume, the most promising addition to American literature that had appeared for many years, made little impression on the public mind. Discerning readers, however, recognized the supreme beauty of this new writer, and never afterwards lost sight of him.

In 1832 Hawthorne published a short anonymous romance called *Fanshawe*. I once asked him about this disowned publication, and he spoke of it with great disgust, and afterwards he thus referred to the subject in a letter written to me in 1851:—

You make an inquiry about some supposed former publication of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct answers as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage;

and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward. Anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal ; and so far from assisting your researches in that direction, I especially enjoin it on you, my dear friend, not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine.

When Mr. George Bancroft, then collector of the Port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger in the custom-house, he did a wise thing, for no public officer ever performed his disagreeable duties better. I have before me a tattered little official document signed by Hawthorne: it certifies his attendance at the unloading of a brig, then lying at Long Wharf in Boston. I keep this precious relic side by side with one of a similar custom-house character, signed *Robert Burns*.

I came to know Hawthorne very intimately after the Whigs displaced the Democratic novelist from office. In my ardent desire to have him retained in the public service, his salary at that time being his sole dependence,—not foreseeing that his withdrawal from that sort of employment would be the best thing for American letters that could possibly happen,—I called, in his behalf, on several influential politicians of the day, and I well remember the rebuffs I received in my enthusiasm for the author of the *Twice-Told Tales*. One pompous little gentleman in authority, after hearing my appeal, quite astounded me by his ignorance of the claims of a literary man on his country. "Yes, yes," he sarcastically croaked, "I see through it all, I see through it all. This Hawthorne is one of them 'ere visionists, and we don't want no such a man as him round." In the winter of 1849, after he had been ejected from the custom-house, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering. He was then living in a modest wooden house in Oliver Street, if I remember rightly. I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling; and as the day was cold, he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood. "Now," said I, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press." "Nonsense," said he; "what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers (M. and Company) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the *Twice-Told Tales*?" I still pressed upon him the good chance he would have now with something new. "Who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I would," said I, "and would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write." "What madness!" he exclaimed; "your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no," he continued; "I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account." I looked at my watch and found that the train would soon be starting for Boston, and I knew there was not much time to lose in trying to discover what had been his literary work during these last few years in Salem. I

pressed him to tell me what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau or set of drawers near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that, hidden away there, might possibly be a story or stories by the author of the *Twice-Told Tales*, and I said as much. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave. I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me from the chamber, asking me to stop a moment. Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said: "How in heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad,—I don't know which." On my way up to Boston I read the germ of *The Scarlet Letter*; before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvellous story he had put into my hands, and telling him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I was in such a state of excitement when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed at my enthusiasm. However, we soon arranged for his again appearing before the public as an author.

I have here a quarto volume, containing numerous letters written by him from 1850 down to the month of his death. The first one refers to *The Scarlet Letter*, and is dated in January, 1850. At my suggestion he had altered the plan of that story. It was his intention to make *The Scarlet Letter* one of several short stories, all to be included in one volume, and to be called *Old-Time Legends; together with Sketches, Experimental and Ideal*. His first design was to make *The Scarlet Letter* occupy about two hundred pages in his new book; but I persuaded him, after reading the first chapters of the story, to elaborate it, and publish it as a separate work. After this was settled, he wrote to me:—

I am truly glad that you like the Introduction, for I was rather afraid that it might appear absurd and impertinent to be talking about myself, when nobody, that I know of, has requested any information on that subject.

As regards the size of the book, I have been thinking a good deal about it. Considered merely as a matter of taste and beauty, the form of publication which you recommend seems to me much preferable to that of the *Mosses*.

In the present case, however, I have some doubts of the expediency, because, if the book is made up entirely of *The Scarlet Letter*, it will be too sombre. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it will weary very many people, and disgust some. Is it safe, then, to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance? A hunter loads his gun with a bullet and several buckshot; and, following his sagacious example, it was my purpose to conjoin the one long story with half-a-dozen shorter ones, so that, failing to kill the public outright with my biggest and heaviest lump of lead, I might have other chances with the smaller bits individually and in the aggregate. However, I am willing to leave

these considerations to your judgment, and should not be sorry to have you decide for the separate publication.

In this latter event it appears to me that the only proper title for the book would be *The Scarlet Letter*, for *The Custom-House* is merely introductory,—an entrance-hall to the magnificent edifice which I throw open to my guests. It would be funny if, seeing the further passages so dark and dismal, they should all choose to stop there! If *The Scarlet Letter* is to be the title, would it not be well to print it on the title-page in red ink? I am not quite sure about the good taste of so doing, but it would certainly be piquant and appropriate, and, I think, attractive to the great gull whom we are endeavouring to circumvent.

Often and often I have seen him sitting in the chair I am now occupying by the window, looking out into the twilight. He liked to watch the vessels dropping down the stream, and nothing pleased him more than to go on board a newly arrived bark from Down East, as she was just moored at the wharf. One night we made the acquaintance of a cabin-boy on board a brig, whom we found off duty and reading a large subscription volume, which proved, on inquiry, to be a Commentary on the Bible. When Hawthorne questioned him why he was reading, then and there, that particular book, he replied with a knowing wink at both of us, "There's consider'ble her'sy in our place, and I'm a studying up for 'em."

He liked on Sunday to wander among the books, and there are few volumes in this room that he has not handled or read. He knew that he was never free from intrusion of any kind. He always slept in the same room,—the one looking on the water; and many a night I have heard his solemn footsteps over my head, long after the rest of the house had gone to sleep. He was a light sleeper, and he liked to be up and about early; but it was only for a ramble among the books again. One summer morning I found him as early as four o'clock reading a favourite poem, Grainger's *Ode on Solitude*, which he very much admired. That morning I shall not soon forget, for he was in the vein for autobiographical talk, and he gave me a most interesting account of his father, the sea captain, who died of the yellow fever in Havana, and of his beautiful mother, who dwelt a secluded mourner ever after the death of her husband. Then he drew a picture of his college life, and of his one sole intimate, Franklin Pierce, whom he loved devotedly.

In the early period of our acquaintance he much affected the old Boston Exchange Coffee-house in Devonshire Street, and once I remember finding him shut up there before a blazing coal-fire, in the "tumultuous privacy" of a great snow-storm, reading with apparent interest the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, which he had picked up about the house. He also delighted in the Old Province House, at that time an inn, kept by one Thomas Waite, whom he has immortalized. After he was chosen a member of the Saturday Club he came frequently to dinner with Felton, Longfellow, Holmes, and the rest of his friends, who assembled once a month to dine together. At the table, on these occasions, he was rather reserved than conversational, but when he chose to talk it was observed that the best things said that day came from him.

As I turn over his letters, the old days, delightful to recall, come back again with added interest.

I sha'n't have the new story [he says in one of them, dated from Lenox on the 1st of October, 1850,] ready by November, for I am never good for anything in the literary way till after the first autumnal frost, which has somewhat such an effect on my imagination that it does on the foliage here about me,—multiplying and brightening its hues; though they are likely to be sober and shabby enough after all.

I am beginning to puzzle myself about a title for the book. The scene of it is in one of those old projecting-storied houses, familiar to my eye in Salem; and the story, horrible to say, is a little less than two hundred years long; though all but thirty or forty pages of it refer to the present time. I think of such titles as *The House of the Seven Gables*, there being that number of gable-ends to the old shanty; or *The Seven-Gabled House*; or simply, *The Seven Gables*. Tell me how these strike you. It appears to me that the latter is rather the best, and has the great advantage that it would puzzle the devil to tell what it means.

A month afterwards he writes further with regard to *The House of the Seven Gables*, concerning the title to which he was still in doubt:—

*The Old Pyncheon House: A Romance; The Old Pyncheon Family; or, the House of the Seven Gables: A Romance*;—choose between them. I have rather a distaste to a double title; otherwise, I think I should prefer the second. Is it any matter under which title it is announced? If a better should occur hereafter, we can substitute. Of these two, on the whole, I judge the first to be the better.

I write diligently, but not so rapidly as I had hoped. I find the book requires more care and thought than *The Scarlet Letter*; also, I have to wait oftener for a mood. *The Scarlet Letter* being all in one tone, I had only to get my pitch, and could then go on interminably. Many passages of this book ought to be finished with the minuteness of a Dutch picture, in order to give them their proper effect. Sometimes, when tired of it, it strikes me that the whole is an absurdity, from beginning to end; but the fact is, in writing a romance, a man is always, or always ought to be, careering on the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity, and the skill lies in coming as close as possible, without actually tumbling over. My prevailing idea is, that the book ought to succeed better than *The Scarlet Letter*, though I have no idea that it will.

On the 9th of December he was still at work on the new romance and writes: "My desire and prayer is to get through with the business in hand. I have been in a Slough of Despond for some days past, having written so fiercely that I came to a stand-still. There are points where a writer gets bewildered and cannot form any judgment of what he has done, or tell what to do next. In these cases it is best to keep quiet."

On the 12th of January, 1851, he is still busy over his new book, and writes: "My *House of the Seven Gables* is, so to speak, finished; only I am hammering away a little on the roof, and doing up a few odd jobs, that were left incomplete."

At the end of the month of January, 1851, the manuscript of his second great romance was despatched to me. On the 27th he writes:—

If you do not soon receive it, you may conclude that it has miscarried; in which case, I shall not consent to the universe existing a moment longer. I have no copy of it, except the wildest scribble of a first draught, so that it could never be restored.

It has met with extraordinary success from that portion of the public to whose judgment it has been submitted, viz. from my wife. I likewise prefer it to *The*



*Scarlet Letter*; but an author's opinion of his book just after completing it is worth little or nothing, he being then in the hot or cold fit of a fever, and certain to rate it too high or too low.

It has undoubtedly one disadvantage in being brought so close to the present time; whereby its romantic improbabilities become more glaring.

I deem it indispensable that the proof-sheets should be sent me for correction. It will cause some delay, no doubt, but probably not much more than if I lived in Salem. At all events, I don't see how it can be helped. My autograph is sometimes villainously blind; and it is odd enough that whenever the printers do mistake a word, it is just the very jewel of a word, worth all the rest of the dictionary.

I well remember with what anxiety I awaited the arrival of the precious parcel, and with what keen delight I read every word of the new story before I slept. Here is the original manuscript, just as it came that day, twenty years ago, fresh from the author's hand. The printers carefully preserved it for me; and Hawthorne once, in this very room, made a formal presentation of it to me, with great mock solemnity of manner.

After the book came out he wrote:—

I have by no means an inconvenient multitude of friends; but if they ever do appear a little too numerous, it is when I am making a list of those to whom presentation copies are to be sent. Please send one to General Pierce, Horatio Bridge, R. W. Emerson, W. E. Channing, Longfellow, Hillard, Sumner, Holmes, Lowell, and Thompson the artist. You will yourself give one to Whipple, whereby I shall make a saving. I presume you won't put the portrait into the book. It appears to me an improper accompaniment to a new work. Nevertheless, if it be ready, I should be glad to have each of these presentation copies accompanied by a copy of the engraving put loosely between the leaves. Good-by. I must now trudge two miles to the village, through rain and mud knee-deep, after that accursed proof-sheet. The book reads very well in proofs, but I don't believe it will take like the former one. The preliminary chapter was what gave *The Scarlet Letter* its vogue.

The engraving he refers to in this letter was made from a portrait by Mr. C. G. Thompson, and at that time, 1851, was an admirable likeness. On the 6th of March he writes:—

The package, with my five heads, arrived yesterday afternoon, and we are truly obliged to you for putting so many at our disposal. They are admirably done. The children recognized their venerable sire with great delight. My wife complains somewhat of a want of cheerfulness in the face; and, to say the truth, it does appear to be afflicted with a bedevilled melancholy; but it will do all the better for the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. In the expression there is a singular resemblance (which I do not remember in Thompson's picture) to a miniature of my father.

His letters to me, during the summer of 1851, were frequent. *The House of the Seven Gables* was warmly welcomed both at home and abroad. On the 23rd of May he writes:—

Whipple's notices have done more than pleased me, for they have helped me to see my book. Much of the censure I recognize as just; I wish I could feel the praise to be so fully deserved. Being better (which I insist it is) than *The Scarlet Letter*, I have never expected it to be so popular (this steel pen makes me write awfully). — Esq., of Boston, has written to me, complaining that I have made his grandfather infamous! It seems there was actually a Pyncheon (or Pynchon, as he spells it) family resident in Salem, and that their representative, at the period of the Revolution, was a certain Judge Pynchon, a Tory and a refugee. This was Mr. —'s

grandfather, and (at least, so he dutifully describes him) the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. There are several touches in my account of the Pyncheons which, he says, make it probable that I had this actual family in my eye, and he considers himself infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thinks it monstrous that the "virtuous dead" cannot be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. He further complains that I speak disrespectfully of the —'s in *Grandfather's Chair*. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, though there is quite enough of the latter quality to give piquancy to his epistle. The joke of the matter is, that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book, and was as much my property, for fictitious purposes, as that of Smith. I have pacified him by a very polite and gentlemanly letter, and if ever you publish any more of the *Seven Gables*, I should like to write a brief preface, expressive of my anguish for this unintentional wrong, and making the best reparation possible; else these wretched old Pyncheons will have no peace in the other world, nor in this. Furthermore, there is a Rev. Mr. —, resident within four miles of me, and a cousin of Mr. —, who states that he likewise is highly indignant. Who would have dreamed of claimants starting up for such an inheritance as the House of the Seven Gables!

I mean to write, within six weeks or two months next ensuing, a book of stories made up of classical myths. The subjects are: The Story of Midas, with his Golden Touch, Pandora's Box, The Adventure of Hercules in quest of the Golden Apples, Bellerophon and the Chimera, Baucis and Philemon, Perseus and Medusa; these, I think, will be enough to make up a volume. As a framework, I shall have a young college student telling these stories to his cousins and brothers and sisters, during his vacations, sometimes at the fireside, sometimes in the woods and dells. Unless I greatly mistake, these old fictions will work up admirably for the purpose; and I shall aim at substituting a tone in some degree Gothic or romantic, or any such tone as may best please myself, instead of the classic coldness, which is as repellent as the touch of marble.

I give you these hints of my plan, because you will perhaps think it advisable to employ Billings to prepare some illustrations. There is a good scope in the above subjects for fanciful designs. Bellerophon and the Chimera, for instance: the Chimera a fantastic monster with three heads, and Bellerophon fighting him, mounted on Pegasus; Pandora opening the box; Hercules talking with Atlas, an enormous giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders, or, sailing across the sea in an immense bowl; Perseus transforming a king and all his subjects to stone, by exhibiting the Gorgon's head. No particular accuracy in costume need be aimed at. My stories will bear out the artist in any liberties he may be inclined to take. Billings would do these things well enough, though his characteristics are grace and delicacy rather than wildness of fancy. The book, if it comes out of my mind as I see it now, ought to have a pretty wide success amongst young people; and, of course, I shall purge out all the old heathen wickedness, and put in a moral wherever practicable. For a title how would this do: *A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*; or, *The Wonder Book of Old Stories*? I prefer the former. Or, *Myths Modernized for my Children*; that won't do.

I need a little change of scene, and meant to have come to Boston and elsewhere before writing this book; but I cannot leave home at present.

Throughout the summer Hawthorne was much annoyed by people who insisted that they, or their families in the present or past generations, had been deeply wronged in *The House of the Seven Gables*. In a note received from him on the 5th of June, he says:—

I have just received a letter from still another claimant of the Pyncheon estate. I wonder if ever, and how soon, I shall get a just estimate of how many jackasses

there are in this ridiculous world. My correspondent, by the way, estimates the number of these Pyncheon jackasses at about twenty; I am doubtless to be remonstrated with by each individual. After exchanging shots with all of them, I shall get you to publish the whole correspondence, in a style to match that of my other works, and I anticipate a great run for the volume.

P.S.—My last correspondent demands that another name be substituted, instead of that of the family; to which I assent, in case the publishers can be prevailed on to cancel the stereotype plates. Of course you will consent! Pray do!

Praise now poured in upon him from all quarters. Hosts of critics, both in England and America, gallantly came forward to do him honour, and his fame was assured. On the 15th of July he sends me a jubilant letter from Lenox, in which occur these passages:—

Mrs. Kemble writes very good accounts from London of the reception my two romances have met with there. She says they have made a greater sensation than any book since *Jane Eyre*; but probably she is a little or a good deal too emphatic in her representation of the matter. At any rate, she advises that the sheets of any future book be sent to Moxon, and such an arrangement made that a copyright may be secured in England as well as here. Could this be done with the *Wonder Book*? And do you think it would be worth while? I must see the proof-sheets of this book. It is a cursed bore; for I want to be done with it from this moment. Can't you arrange it so that two or three or more sheets may be sent at once, on stated days, and so my journeys to the village be fewer?

That review which you sent me is a remarkable production. There is praise enough to satisfy a greedier author than myself. I set it aside, as not being able to estimate how far it is deserved. I can better judge of the censure, much of which is undoubtedly just; and I shall profit by it if I can. But, after all, there would be no great use in attempting it. There are weeds enough in my mind, to be sure, and I might pluck them up by the handful; but in so doing I should root up the few flowers along with them. It is also to be considered, that what one man calls weeds another classifies among the choicest flowers in the garden. But this reviewer is certainly a man of sense, and sometimes tickles me under the fifth rib. I beg you to observe, however, that I do not acknowledge his justice in cutting and slashing among the characters of the two books, at the rate he does; sparing nobody, I think, except Pearl and Phoebe. Yet I think he is right as to my tendency as respects individual character.

I am going to begin to enjoy the summer now, and to read foolish novels, if I can get any, and smoke cigars, and think of nothing at all: which is equivalent to thinking of all manner of things.

The composition of the *Tanglewood Tales* gave him great pleasure, and all his letters, during the period he was writing them, overflow with evidences of his felicitous mood. He requests that Billings should pay especial attention to the drawings, and is very anxious that the porch of Tanglewood "should be well supplied with shrubbery." He seemed greatly pleased that Mary Russell Mitford had fallen in with his books and had written to me about them. "Her sketches," he said, "long ago as I read them, are as sweet in my memory as the scent of new hay." On the 18th of August he writes:—

You are going to publish another thousand of the *Seven Gables*. I promised those Pyncheons a preface. What if you insert the following?

"(The author is pained to learn that, in selecting a name for the fictitious inhabitants of a castle in the air, he has wounded the feelings of more than one respectable

descendant of an old Pyncheon family. He begs leave to say that he intended no reference to any individual of the name, now or heretofore extant; and further, that, at the time of writing his book, he was wholly unaware of the existence of such a family in New England for two hundred years back, and that whatever he may have since learned of them is altogether to their credit)."

Insert it or not, as you like. I have done with the matter.

I advised him to let the Pyncheons rest as they were, and omit any addition, either as note or preface, to the romance.

Near the close of 1851 his health seemed unsettled, and he asked me to look over certain proofs "carefully," for he did not feel well enough to manage them himself. In one of his notes, written from Lenox at that time, he says:—

Please God, I mean to look you in the face towards the end of next week; at all events, within ten days. I have stayed here too long and too constantly. To tell you a secret, I am sick to death of Berkshire, and hate to think of spending another winter here. But I must. The air and climate do not agree with my health at all; and, for the first time since I was a boy, I have felt languid and dispirited during almost my whole residence here. O that Providence would build me the merest little shanty, and mark me out a rood or two of garden-ground, near the sea-coast. I thank you for the two volumes of De Quincey. If it were not for your kindness in supplying me with books now and then, I should quite forget how to read.

Hawthorne was a great devourer of books, and in certain moods it made very little difference to him what the volume before him happened to be. An old play or an old newspaper sometimes gave him wondrous content. He once told me he found such delight in old advertisements in the newspaper files at the Boston Athenæum, that he had passed delicious hours among them. At other times he was very fastidious, and threw aside book after book until he found the right one. De Quincey was a special favourite with him, and the Sermons of Laurence Sterne he once commended to me as the best sermons ever written. In his library was an old copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, which had floated down to him from a remote ancestry, and which he had read so industriously for forty years that it was nearly worn out of its thick leathern cover. Hearing him say once that the old English *State Trials* were enchanting reading, and knowing that he did not possess a copy of those heavy old folios, I picked up a set at a book-stall and sent them to him. He often told me that he spent more hours over them and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell, and he said, if five lives were vouchsafed to him, he could employ them all in writing stories out of those books. He had sketched, in his mind, several romances founded on the remarkable trials reported in the old volumes; and one day, I remember, he made my blood tingle by relating some of the situations he intended, if his life was spared, to weave into future romances. Sir Walter Scott's novels he continued almost to worship, and was accustomed to read them aloud in his family. The novels of G. P. R. James, both the early and the later ones, he insisted were admirable stories, admirably told, and he had high praise to bestow on the novels of

Anthony Trollope. "Have you ever read these novels?" he wrote to me in a letter from England, some time before Trollope began to be much known in America. "They precisely suit my taste; solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of. And these books are as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that the human nature in them would give them success anywhere."

The humorous side of Hawthorne was not, perhaps, easily or often discoverable, yet have I seen him marvellously moved to fun, and no man laughed more heartily in his way over a good story. Wise and witty, Professor Holmes always had the talismanic faculty of breaking up that thoughtfully sad face into mirthful waves; and I remember how Hawthorne writhed with hilarious delight over Professor Lowell's account of a butcher who remarked that, "Idees had got afloat in the public mind with respect to sassingers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I'm so filled with *mammoth thoughts*." A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.

He had an inexhaustible store of amusing anecdotes to relate of people and things he had observed on the road. One day he described to us, in his inimitable and quietly ludicrous manner, being *watched*, while on a visit to a distant city, by a friend who called, and thought he needed a protector, his health being at that time not so good as usual. "He stuck by me," said Hawthorne, "as if he were afraid to leave me alone; he stayed past the dinner-hour, and when I began to wonder if he never took meals himself, he departed and set another man to *watch* me till he should return. That man *watched* me so, in his unwearying kindness, that when I left the house I forgot half my luggage, and left behind, among other things, a beautiful pair of slippers. They *watched* me so, among them, I swear to you I forgot nearly everything I owned."

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said: "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and, moreover, promised not to treat the subject in prose, till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so

we have *Evangeline*. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both European and American, of this now world-renowned poem.

In 1852 I went to Europe, and while absent had frequent most welcome letters from him. He had finished the *Blithedale Romance* during my wanderings, and I was fortunate enough to arrange for its publication in London simultaneously with its appearance in Boston. One of his letters (dated from his new residence in Concord, June 17, 1852) runs thus :—

You have succeeded admirably in regard to the *Blithedale Romance*, and have got just 150*l*. more than I expected to receive. It will come in good time, too; for my drafts have been pretty heavy of late, in consequence of buying an estate !!! and fitting up my house. What a truant you are from the Corner! I wish, before leaving London, you would obtain for me copies of any English editions of my writings not already in my possession. I have Routledge's edition of the *Scarlet Letter*, the *Mosses*, and *Twice-Told Tales*; Bohn's edition of the *House of the Seven Gables*, the *Snow-Image*, and the *Wonder Book*; and Bogue's edition of the *Scarlet Letter*. These are all, and I should be glad of the rest. I meant to have written another *Wonder Book* this summer, but another task has unexpectedly intervened. General Pierce of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was a college friend of mine, as you know, and we have been intimate through life. He wishes me to write his biography, and I have consented to do so; somewhat reluctantly, however, for Pierce has now reached that altitude when a man, careful of his personal dignity, will begin to think of cutting his acquaintance. But I seek nothing from him, and therefore need not be ashamed to tell the truth of an old friend. . . . I have written to Barry Cornwall, and shall probably enclose the letter along with this. I don't more than half believe what you tell me of my reputation in England, and am only so far credulous on the strength of the 200*l*., and shall have a somewhat stronger sense of this latter reality when I finger the cash. Do come home in season to preside over the publication of the *Romance*.

He had christened his estate "The Wayside," and in a postscript to the above letter he begs me to consider the name, and tell him how I like it.

Another letter, evidently foreshadowing a foreign appointment from the newly-elected President, contains this passage: "Do make some inquiries about Portugal; as, for instance, in what part of the world it lies, and whether it is an empire, a kingdom, or a republic. Also, and more particularly, the expenses of living there, and whether the Minister would be likely to be much pestered with his own countrymen. Also, any other information about foreign countries would be acceptable to an inquiring mind."

When I returned from abroad, I found him getting matters in readiness to leave the country for a consulship in Liverpool. He seemed very happy at the thought of flitting, but I wondered if he could possibly be so contented across the water as he seemed in Concord. I remember walking with him to the Old Manse, a mile or so away from "The Wayside," his new residence, and talking over England and his proposed absence of several years. We strolled round the house, where he spent the first years of his married life, and he pointed from the outside to the



windows, out of which he had looked and seen supernatural and other visions. We walked up and down the avenue, the memory of which he had embalmed in *Mosses*, and he discoursed most pleasantly of all that had befallen him since he led a lonely, secluded life in Salem. It was a sleepy, warm afternoon, and he proposed that we should wander up the banks of the river and watch the clouds float above the quiet stream. I recall his lounging, easy air as he drew me along until we came to a very secluded spot, when he bade me lie down on the grass and hear the birds sing. Presently he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's *Seasons*, which he said had been favourites of his from boyhood. While we lay there, half-hidden in the grass, we heard approaching footsteps, and Hawthorne hurriedly whispered, "Duck! or we shall be interrupted by somebody!" The solemnity of his manner, and the thought of the strange position in which we had both placed ourselves to avoid being seen, threw me into a foolish half-hysterical fit of laughter; and when he nudged me, and again whispered, more gravely than ever, "Heaven help me, Mr. — is close upon us!" I felt convinced that if the thing went on any further, suffocation, in my case at least, must ensue.

He kept me constantly informed, after he went to Liverpool, of how he was passing his time. His charming *English Note-Books* show that he was not idle. There were touches, however, in his private letters which escaped daily record in his journal. In one of the first he gives me an account of a dinner where he was obliged to make a speech. He says, "I tickled up John Bull's self-conceit (which is very easily done) with a few sentences of most outrageous flattery, and sat down in a general puddle of good feeling." In another he says:—

I have taken a house in Rock Park, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and am as snug as a bug in a rug. Next year you must come and see how I live. Give my regards to everybody, and my love to half-a-dozen. . . . I wish you would call on Mr. Savage, the antiquarian, if you know him, and ask whether he can inform me what part of England the original William Hawthorne came from. He came over, I think, in 1634. . . . It would really be a great obligation if he could answer the above query. Or, if the fact is not within his own knowledge, he might perhaps indicate some place where such information may be obtained here in England. I presume there are records still extant somewhere of all the passengers by those early ships, with their English localities annexed to their names. Of all things, I should like to find a gravestone in one of these old churchyards with my own name upon it, although, for myself, I should wish to be buried in America. The graves are too devilish damp here.

The hedgerows of England, the grassy meadows, and the picturesque old cottages delighted him. While roaming over the country, he was often deeply touched by meeting among the wild-flowers many of his old New England favourites,—bluebells, crocuses, primroses, foxglove, and others which are cultivated in our gardens, and which had long been familiar to him in America. I can imagine him, in his quiet, musing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning and hearing the

distant church bells chiming to service. His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as *inside* a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the church-yards and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the *sexton* than with the *rector*.

He was constantly demanding longer letters from home ; and nothing gave him more pleasure than monthly news from the "Saturday Club," and detailed accounts of what was going forward in literature. One of his letters dated in January, 1854, starts off thus :

I wish your epistolary propensities were stronger than they are. All your letters to me since I left America might be squeezed into one. . . . I send T—— a big cheese which I long ago promised him ; and my advice is, that he keep it in the shop and daily, between eleven and one o'clock, distribute slices of it to your half-starved authors, together with crackers and something to drink. . . . I thank you for the books you send me, and more especially for Mrs. Mowatt's *Autobiography*, which seems to me an admirable book. Of all things I delight in autobiographies ; and I hardly ever read one that interested me so much. She must be a remarkable woman, and I cannot but lament my ill-fortune in never having seen her on the stage or elsewhere. . . . I count strongly upon your promise to be with us in May. Can't you bring Whipple with you ?

One of his favourite resorts in Liverpool was the boarding-house of good Mrs. Blodgett, in Duke Street : a house where many Americans have found comfortable quarters, after being tossed on the stormy Atlantic. "I have never known a better woman," Hawthorne used to say, "and her motherly kindness to me and mine I can never forget."

On the 18th of April, 1854, Hawthorne wrote to me this characteristic letter from the consular office in Liverpool :—

I am very glad that the *Mosses* have come into the hands of our firm ; and I return the copy sent me, after a careful revision. When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consul. Upon my honour, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning, in some of these allegories ; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or, at least, thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times ; and to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book. Yet certainly there is more in it than the public generally gave me credit for at the time it was written.

But I don't think myself worthy of very much more credit than I got. It has been a very disagreeable task to read the book. The story of *Rappacini's Daughter* was published in the *Democratic Review*, about the year 1844 ; and it was prefaced by some remarks on the celebrated French author (a certain M. de l'Aubepine), from whose works it was translated. I left out this preface when the story was republished ; but I wish you would turn to it in the *Democratic*, and see whether it is worth while to insert it in the new edition. I leave it altogether to your judgment.

A young poet named — has called on me, and has sent me some copies of his works to be transmitted to America. It seems to me there is good in him ; and he is recognized by Tennyson, by Carlyle, by Kingsley, and others of the best people here. He writes me that this edition of his poems is nearly exhausted, and that Routledge is going to publish another, enlarged and in better style.

Perhaps it might be well for you to take him up in America. At all events, try to bring him into notice ; and some day or other you may be glad to have helped a famous poet in his obscurity. The poor fellow has left a good post in the customs to cultivate literature in London !

We shall begin to look for you now by every steamer from Boston. You must make up your mind to spend a good while with us before going to see your London friends.

Did you read the article on your friend De Quincey in the last *Westminster* ? It was written by Mr. — of this city, who was in America a year or two ago. The article is pretty well, but does nothing like adequate justice to De Quincey ; and in fact no Englishman cares a pin for him. We are ten times as good readers and critics as they.

Is not Whipple coming here soon ?

Hawthorne's first visit to London afforded him great pleasure, but he kept out of the way of literary people as much as possible. He introduced himself to nobody, except Mr. —, whose assistance he needed, in order to be identified at the bank. He wrote to me from 24, George Street, Hanover Square, and told me he delighted in London, and wished he could spend a year there. He was greatly amused at being told (his informants meaning to be complimentary) "that he would never be taken for anything but an Englishman." He writes : "John Bull is in high spirits just now at the taking of Sevastopol. What an absurd personage John is ! I find that my liking for him grows stronger the more I see of him, but that my admiration and respect have constantly decreased."

During all those long years, while Hawthorne was absent in Europe, he was anything but an idle man. On the contrary, he was an eminently busy one, in the best sense of that term ; and if his life had been prolonged, the public would have been a great gainer for his residence abroad. His brain teemed with romances, and once I remember he told me he had no less than five stories, well thought out, any one of which he could finish and publish whenever he chose.

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## Christian Names in England and Wales.

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IN a former article\* we made some observations upon the surnames of England and Wales, regarded in the light of that comprehensive system of civil registration which came into force in the year 1837. We propose, in the following pages, to discuss the Christian names in use amongst us; and we shall, as before, rely for much of our information upon the indexes prepared and preserved at the office of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in London. These indexes, reckoning up to the close of the year 1869, cover a period of thirty-two years and six months, and embrace nearly forty-four millions of names—each name being that of an individual born, married, or deceased; while the entries themselves to which the alphabetical lists refer contain a vast number of additional titles—those of parents, friends, attendants, witnesses, &c.—many of them attributable to an earlier date than that of the commencement of Government registration. The records, therefore, furnish testimony as to our personal, no less than our family nomenclature, of a very complete kind. We shall find, as we proceed, that the histories of Christian and surnames are closely interwoven. As we previously reminded our readers, the latter are often merely patronymics, or the baptismal names of fathers in some modified shape, borne by the sons as permanent and hereditary titles; while, on the other hand, since the Reformation, surnames have been freely used at baptism for the purposes of personal distinction. But, notwithstanding the intimate connection subsisting between the two classes of denominations, there will present themselves for consideration, in dealing more particularly with Christian names, many matters which own a separate and peculiar interest.

A word may be said at the outset by way of apology for the title of this paper. It might not unreasonably be objected that the phrase "Christian Names" is scarcely justified, seeing that the records on which we are about to depend for our facts have been prepared by a civil process wholly unconnected with the Christian Sacrament of Baptism, to which the expression is of course primarily to be ascribed. But, in common parlance, no one thinks of calling his own distinguishing appellation anything but his *Christian* name. There is, moreover, no sort of antagonism between baptism and registration. In a large number of cases where the former has not preceded the latter, the name recorded by the civil officer is solemnly confirmed at the font on some early succeeding day. The Registration Act was so framed as in no way to clash

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\* See the *Cornhill Magazine* for April, 1868.

with religious practice; and by a special clause provides for the addition or substitution, in the record made by the Government Registrar, of names newly conferred, or after deliberation altered, at the time of the baptismal ceremony.\*

We will now briefly glance over the leading epochs of English history, with the object of ascertaining how far the titles which had their origin in each are represented amongst us in the nineteenth century.

To the Cymric stock of the Keltic race, and to the somewhat hazy days when our land was peopled by this now declining family, we must first turn our thoughts. Have the warlike, impetuous, and imaginative tribes, whom Cæsar found in possession here just before the Christian era, handed down to our age any titular reminiscences of themselves and of their times? Of the ancient Keltic titles not a few continued to be used after the Britons had embraced Christianity, and not a few remain in use at the present day. We need scarcely say that they are mainly to be found amongst those western mountains to which, when the appointed time had arrived, their earlier bearers were driven by the Teuton invader. A notable example of this family of names is *Rhys* (warrior), or, as the word now generally appears, *Rees*—which long ago became a family title, but which is still a good deal used for personal distinction in Wales. *Cadwallader* (Battle-arranger), often to be met with amongst the wilds of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, is another name of the same class. So is *Gwalchmai* (Hawk-of-battle), which is found recurring from time to time in Anglesey and some of the neighbouring districts. Then there is *Gwen* (White), with various compounds and diminutives, as *Gwendoline*, *Gwenifread*, *Gweny*, &c., much used in the neighbourhoods of Bangor, Carnarvon, Conway, Llanrwst, Festiniog, Bala, Ruthin, and some other parts of North Wales; and also appearing, but less frequently, in connection with Brecknockshire and the more southern counties of the Principality. (*Gwenllian* is a very favourite name about Bedwelty, Merthyr-Tydfil, Neath, Pontypridd, and adjacent towns.) *Myfanwy*, a female title of doubtful meaning, which must be classed with the above, is shown by the registration indexes to be employed not unfrequently in Anglesey and other of the more Welsh parts of Wales; while *Llewellyn* (Lightning), which also falls under the same category, is well known as a name of general although not very abundant distribution throughout the Principality. Many other old Keltic titles often appear in the registers; but of these some do not point to continuous usage from ancient times downwards, but simply to revivals affected by people of education in our own day.

The Roman occupation of Britain has left behind it but few traces that are now prominent. It is difficult to realize that London, Bath, and many other of our cities were once designed and adorned by Roman art, and that even the remote little Caerleon-upon-Usk was formerly a splendid

\* See the Act 6 & 7 Wm. IV. cap. 86, § 24.

town of Roman temples and palaces. As, however, some slight and scattered architectural remains corroborate the testimony of history and tradition upon these points, so in our personal nomenclature certain vestiges exist which similarly bear witness to the ancient presence and influence of the Latins amongst us. To mention a single instance: *Gryffydd*, or, as we spell it in English, *Griffith*—an appellation formerly of such frequency in Wales as to have originated a patronymic which stands No. 50 in the Registrar-General's list of the most common surnames\*—is the Keltic version of *Rufus*, the Ruddy.† The black-haired Roman, struck with the auburn locks occasionally occurring amongst the normally swarthy Kelts, gave a nickname to their owners: the Briton, as nearly as his Keltic tongue would suffer him, echoed the nickname from his conqueror's lips, and so often afterwards applied it that the *Gryffydds* grew into a mighty family, which, however, amidst the vicissitudes of nomenclature, at length ceased to own any necessary connection with red hair. *Griffith* is still largely used as a Christian name, more particularly in the county of Carnarvon.

To the various Teutonic tribes—the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes—which came over to this country in the fifth and sixth centuries, and which were at length fused into the Anglo-Saxon race, we owe our really national names. A great variety of personal titles existed among the Anglo-Saxons; for, while their language in general became in course of time accommodated to a common standard, the names applied to individuals amongst them retained all their original dialectic varieties. These older Teuton titles are now, however, to be sought rather in the lists of our surnames than in those of our personal appellations. But of the names which were of strictly *Anglo-Saxon* origin, and which were mostly compound words, many have continued to be employed largely at baptism down to our own time; and these, too, in their transit across the period when surnames were gradually spreading downwards from the higher to the lower classes, passed freely into family denominations. *Edward* will at once occur to the reader as amongst the foremost names of the division we are now considering. *Edward* seems to have been unfailingly popular ever since the period of Saxon rule. It has originated several surnames, one of which, viz. *Edwards*, has belonged to great numbers of persons. The Registrar-General has shown that this cognomen stands No. 20 as regards commonness amongst the surnames of England and Wales. The family names *Tedd*, *Edson*, *Edkins*, and *Edwardson* are also derivatives of the baptismal name *Edward*; so again, perhaps, are *Eddison*, *Eddy*, and others. *Edward*, as a personal title, is now proportionately much more frequent in Wales than in England, just as the surname *Edwards* is far commoner there than here. To cite other cases in which Anglo-Saxon

\* See the Registrar-General's Annual Report for 1853, p. xx.

† See Miss YONGE'S *History of Christian Names*, vol. i. p. 353. To this interesting work we have frequently had recourse in writing the present article.



titles have come down to us in a probably unbroken line of usage—there is *Alfred*, with its corresponding surnames, *Alfred*, *Alfrey*, *Alfry*, *Alverd*, *Alvert*; *Edmund*, with a still larger family of derivatives; *Cuthbert*, which is represented in at least three forms amongst hereditary titles; and *Edgar*, appearing, we believe, only in its original shape in the lists of surnames. To these many others might of course be added; but we need not multiply examples.

The Normans made popular in England an entirely new set of Teutonic\* Christian names; and amongst them are to be found many that are now oftenest employed as personal designations. Most prominent of all is the name *William*—that of the Norman Conqueror himself. We shall presently give the reader a notion of the relations in which some of our more ordinary Christian names stand to each other in the matter of frequency; for the present it is sufficient to say that of men's names *William* is in all probability borne by a larger number of persons in England and Wales than any other. It is not uninteresting to note the meaning of the word on which this, our principal male title, is based. *Wili* was one of the three primeval Teuton deities who together performed the creation of mankind. He was a personification of *will*; not only of inclination (*voluntas*) but of *impetus* also.† Among an enterprising and determined race such as ours, therefore, the name *William* is fittingly conspicuous. But, unfortunately, it must be confessed that its frequency in England denotes no general reference at the time of its importation to the original signification of its root; on the contrary, that frequency merely represents an inclination universally shown amongst the vanquished Anglo-Saxons to imitate the titles that were fashionable in the families of their victors. *Henry* is another still common name of Norman introduction; *Harry* being, as Miss Yonge says, “its right native shape;” and the surnames derived from this form of the word (viz. *Harries*, *Harris*, *Harrison*, *Parry*) belonging to a much larger number of people than the derivatives of *Henry*, which latter way of spelling is only an imitation of the French mode *Henri*. *Robert* is also a title imported at the time of the Conquest, and one which continues to be prominent. *Walter*, again, dates from the same era as to its introduction amongst us, but is now considerably less used than the preceding name; while *Gilbert*, and many other Norman titles which are of common occurrence in *Doomsday Book*, have in our day fallen into the background as Christian names.

The crusading period gave us *John*, which now competes, and in some years it would seem successfully, with *William* for predominance among the baptismal names of men. As a patronymic (i.e. in the form of *Jones*) it has outrun *William* (or *Williams*) completely; and dares to dispute with *Smith* the honour of naming more individuals amongst our country-

\* We are apt to overlook the fact that the Normans, however French in manners, were by descent, and in all their more essential characteristics Norsemen—therefore Teutons. Their nomenclature was mainly Teutonic.

† See *The Teutonic Name-System*, by ROBERT FERGUSON. London, 1864.

men than any other family cognomen. *John* was of course, in the first instance, employed in reference to its saintly associations; but, once naturalized in this connection, it soon ceased to express religious feeling, and was simply given to the son because his father bore it.

Passing on through the later middle-ages we come upon another saintly title which now appears to be more prevalent in this country than any other, either male or female. This is *Mary*. The adoration of the Virgin Mother in pre-Reformation days, has made a mark upon our nomenclature which no subsequent sentiment, whether Puritanic or otherwise, has been able to efface. *Mary* is an existing surname; and the baptismal title *appears*, at least, to have created other surnames, as *Marrian*, *Marriott*, *Marryat*, *Maryon*, &c.: but some doubt hangs over the derivation of these words; and it has been supposed, indeed, that *Mary* as a family title owns no connection with the personal name, but that it may be identical with the ancient Anglo-Saxon word *mare*, signifying a horse.

We may here state that, besides the seeming derivatives of *Mary*, there are several other surnames which appear to have had their origin in the Christian names of women. "These," writes Mr. Ferguson, "have been supposed to indicate illegitimacy; and if any of them have been given in comparatively modern times, this may be the case. But with regard to such surnames as *Anne*, *Betty*, *Moll*, *Pegg*, *Sall*, *Lucy*, I . . . . suppose them not to be women's names at all, but ancient men's names. That we have some names of female origin I do not doubt; and in the origin of surnames I can see no reason why they might not in some cases, without any injurious imputation, be taken from the mother." This conclusion appears to be perfectly just. We have only to imagine that, at the time when surnames were coming into use, there were in existence—as there undoubtedly are now—good wives of strong character, and decisive action, who were virtually the masters of their households, and the main promoters of their children's interests in life. Under such conditions as these, what more probable than that the neighbours should fall into the habit of calling the young folks by the name of the mother, rather than by that of the superseded sire? Would not the family title originated amidst such circumstances more naturally be *Margerison* (son of Margaret), or *Betts* (son of Elizabeth), than *Watts* (son of Walter) or *Robinson* (son of Robert)? The author of the book *Patronymica Britannica* gives a considerable list of surnames, which he believes to have been derived from the baptismal names of mothers: amongst them he mentions some which Mr. Ferguson ejects from this class of titles.\*

The Reformation effected an extensive change in the character of our Christian names. The patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament, rather than the saints and martyrs of Christian story, now lent their titles to the baptized. This was the time when the  *Davids*, the  *Hannahs*, the  *Daniels*,  *Samuels*, and  *Sarahs* became numerous; and many such appel-

\* See LOWER'S *Patronymica Britannica*, Art. "Female Christian Names."

lations have never since receded from the positions of favour then accorded to them. Names of this class are probably still often used in a directly religious sense. On referring to the registers from those neighbourhoods which have been the scenes of recent revivals, we at once find the Old Testament nomenclature prevalent. At Haworth in Yorkshire, for instance, where Grimshaw preached, and where Wesleyanism has since gained a great hold upon the people, we meet with many *Abels*, *Calebs*, *Enochs*, *Hirams*, *Jesses*, *Seths*, &c.; while *Elkanahs*, *Ichabods*, and *Zerrubbabels* are not wanting. The Puritan custom of using abstract qualities as Christian names still also obtains in a limited degree. This is a class of denominations little likely perhaps to have been often handed on in families through many successive generations. Persons possessing such appellations may be expected frequently to grow disgusted with their singularity or pretension, and to avoid them in choosing names for their own infants. Such titles, however, constantly recur; and the registration indexes yield many examples of them, and of words which may be classed with them, as *Affability*, *Charity*, *Comfort*, *Deliverance*, *Equality*, *Grace*, *Gratitude*, *Hope*, *Industry*, *Mercy*, *Modesty*, *Patience*, *Prudence*, *Repentance*, *Sobriety*, *Temperance*, *Truth*, *Unity*, and *Virtue*.

At the time of the Reformation, too, arose the practice of adopting surnames at baptism. "Reader," says Thomas Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, "I am confident an instance can hardly be produced of a surname made Christian in England, save since the Reformation; before which time the priests were scrupulous to admit any at the font except they were baptized with the name of a scripture or legendary saint. Since, it hath been common." How general the practice here referred to has now become we need scarcely note. It is often followed out of compliment to god-parents and other connections and friends; but it is, perhaps, as commonly resorted to by reason of a wish to perpetuate in families the maiden surname of the mother.

We may pause a moment in the troublous and revolutionary seventeenth century, to ascribe to it the popularization of one now common name. The present frequency of the title *Charles* seems to be unmistakably owing to the loyal spirit evoked during and after the civil war.

"The love of a finish in *a*," says Miss Yonge, "was coming in with Queen Anne's Augustan age. The soft *e*, affectionate *ie* or *y*, that had been natural to our tongues since they had been smoothed by Norman-French, was twisted up into an Italian *ia*." It is curious to see what different treatment the female names exemplifying the various fashions here alluded to have met with in our times. From a table before us, we are enabled to judge with approximate correctness of their fates. Thus, *Amelia* is shown to have held its own, and appears as a still common name. *Olivia* has fallen into the background; while *Olive*, the earlier and more English form of the title, is not seldom used. On the other hand, *Letitia* occupies a conspicuous place amongst our personal names; but *Lettice*, its representative in previous days, has dropped far towards

disuse. *Maria* stands forward, but is yet remote from *Mary*; *Anna*, too, is considerably less employed than *Anne*. *Lucinda* and *Alicia* are rare; but *Lucy* meets with extensive acceptance, and *Alice*, save three others, is the most popular woman's name amongst us.

Of the male titles which the last century brought to the fore *George* is the most prominent. *Frederick* and *Augustus* are also names attributable to the period, the former having obtained a firm and lasting hold upon English taste. *Augustus* has proved much less attractive to the masses; but it nevertheless maintains a respectable place in the registration indexes, and its feminine *Augusta* prevails to about an equal extent.

Before proceeding to consider some of the influences which have operated in an interesting manner upon Christian names in this present age, we will give the exact positions of a few of our commonest personal titles, as shown in a table which has been prepared at the General Register Office. This table is based on the first or leading names of 100,000 children—50,000 males, and 50,000 females—who were registered in 1866-7. It shows the 500 commonest of these names; exhibiting them in an order which is according to the frequency of their application. We will quote the first 25 out of the 500, with the numbers of infants registered under each. They stand thus:—

Order.	Names.	Numbers.	Order.	Names.	Numbers.
1	Mary .....	6,819	16	Emily .....	1,615
2	William .....	6,590	17	Frederick .....	1,604
3	John .....	6,230	18	Annie .....	1,580
4	Elizabeth .....	4,617	19	Margaret .....	1,546
5	Thomas .....	3,876	20	Emma .....	1,540
6	George .....	3,620	21	Eliza .....	1,507
7	Sarah .....	3,602	22	Robert .....	1,323
8	James .....	3,060	23	Arthur .....	1,237
9	Charles .....	2,323	24	Alfred .....	1,232
10	Henry .....	2,060	25	Edward .....	1,170
11	Alice .....	1,925			
12	Joseph .....	1,780			
13	Ann .....	1,718			
14	Jane .....	1,697			
15	Ellen .....	1,621			
				Total number of children (out of 100,000) registered under the above 25 names .....	65,892

To render the foregoing table perfectly intelligible to the reader, we may explain, by way of example, that *Mary*, which heads the list, was given as a first title to 6,819 girls out of 50,000; and that of all the names, whether masculine or feminine, bestowed on the entire 100,000 children who were called as witnesses, it served to designate the largest number of individuals. Again, *John* was conferred on 6,230 out of 50,000 boys; but of the various titles distinguishing the total 100,000 infants, two proved to have been more often given than *John*, and these two were the female name *Mary* above mentioned, and the male name *William*.

It will be observed that the 25 titles belonged to about two-thirds

of the 100,000 children ; it is also evident on examination that, however great the variety of the names divided amongst the remaining third, there was, so far as our quotation has extended, but one name to every 2,635 persons. There is good reason for supposing that the table cited affords a fair sample of the proportions in which personal titles are distributed among the population in general ; and we are not likely to be far wrong in concluding that something like two-thirds of the children registered in England and Wales receive, as a first name, one or other of the 25 appellations above mentioned. To apply this conclusion to the total number of births recorded during one of the years which furnished the facts of our table :—In 1867 the births of 768,349 children were registered. We should expect, therefore, to find about 512,232 of the number dividing between them the foregoing 25 names ; and, supposing that the 25 titles had been equally distributed amongst their 512,232 bearers, each name must have served to distinguish 20,489 infants. These, however, are but rough calculations, as the reader will readily perceive.

We may here briefly advert to the character, and to the period and causes of introduction amongst us of each of the twenty-five names which we have found good reason for believing to be the commonest in England and Wales.

*Mary* (1)—We have already spoken of this name. There can be no doubt that its pre-eminence is a relic of the religious feeling of the middle-ages. As the mother of Christ then came to receive the principal homage and adoration of English Christians, so was her name a supreme favourite at the font, where it was used, doubtless, from motives in which superstition was largely concerned. It is a strong proof of the immovability of a once-established title, that our leading appellation of to-day should owe its prominent position to Mariolatry. *William* (2), the name of the Norman conqueror, has also been previously mentioned. Mr. Lower says that this title has become the parent of a greater number of family cognomina than any other baptismal name ; and if, when surnames were becoming fixed, it occupied its present position of supremacy amongst the personal titles of men, we should naturally look for some such result ; although it does not necessarily follow that a name which is most abundantly applied shall assume the largest variety of shapes. *John* (3) is of Norman importation. It became popular at the time of the Crusades, and took the lead amongst the saint-names of men. The great frequency of the patronymic Jones (*i. e.* John's, or the son of John) testifies to the enormous favour which this title found in Wales before surnames were settled there. It was estimated by the Registrar-General in his Annual Report for 1853 (p. xxiii.) that there were then 51,000 families of Joneses in England and Wales, or a little less than 250,000 individuals. *John* is still proportionately much more employed as a Christian name in Wales than it is in England. *Elizabeth* (4)—This Hebrew title seems, in a great degree, to owe the general acceptance it has met with amongst us to the prestige imparted to it by good Queen Bess, although it was an

English name long prior to her time. Miss Yonge shows that *Elizabeth* and *Isabel* are the same, and that *Jezebel* also probably shares with the two a community of derivation. It is a name that has a great variety of forms and abbreviations, as *Bess*, *Bessie*, *Bet*, *Betsey*, *Betty*, *Eliza*, *Elsbeth*, *Elspy*, *Lilly*,\* and *Lizzy*; the list might be much lengthened by adding the different shapes of *Isabel*. *Thomas* (5) was not known in England prior to the Norman Conquest, and much of its subsequent popularity appears to be attributable to *Thomas à Becket*. *George* (6) is the title of the patron saint of England; but we must look to the four royal personages of the name for the explanation of its frequency now. *Sarah* (7) is one of the Old Testament titles that were brought into common use in England at the time of the Reformation. *James* (8) is a name that makes its appearance in *Doomsday Book*; and as it has since given rise to several surnames, which distinguish no inconsiderable numbers, it must have been frequently employed in baptism towards the close of the middle-ages. As being a royal title in England during the seventeenth century, it would then acquire additional favour and usage. We have seen *Charles* (9) to be indebted for its present popularity to the Royalist sentiment of the Civil War. *Henry* (10) takes us back again to the eleventh century. It is one of the many names imported from Normandy. Seeing that it has belonged to a larger number of our sovereigns than any other title, its wide acceptance cannot be wondered at. *Alice* (11) is not, so far as we are informed, traceable to any one prominent individual for its original popularity. It is the truly English form of *Adelaide*, and seems to have been freely used from the commencement of purely English history. That it is so eminent a favourite now may be owing in some degree to the fact that her Majesty's second daughter bears it. We shall presently show that the interest of the people in contemporary royalty is clearly traceable in our nomenclature. *Joseph* (12) may be classed amongst the names of Old Testament worthies to which the Puritans so freely had recourse; but it was well known and not a little used in England long before the days of Puritanism. It is a common surname amongst the Jews, but is by no means confined to them. Various derivatives, as *Jose*, *Josephs*, *Josey*, *Joskin*, *Joskyn*, which appear not unfrequently in the national registers, show that the personal name was in vogue when surnames were in course of adoption. *Ann* (13)—This title is distinguished, in the table from which we have given an extract, from *Anne* and from *Annie*, the diminutive of both. Added together, the numbers attributable to the three forms (out of 50,000 females) would be 3,833. Miss Yonge says of the name:—"It was from Prague (of which St. Anne had been the patron saint) that the Bohemian princess, Anne of Luxemburg, brought it to England, and gave it to her name-child, Anne Mortimer, by whom it was carried to the House of York, then to the Howards,

\* The attractive name *Lillie*, *Lilly*, or *Lily*, is now a great favourite; it is, perhaps, more often used in a directly floral sense, than as a diminutive of *Elizabeth*; but it is probably not seldom employed with reference to both meanings at once.



from them to Anne Boleyn, and thereby became an almost party word in England." Several surnames are seemingly derived from this title, as *Ann*, *Annis*, *Annison*, *Anns*, *Anson*, &c.; but an old Scandinavian male name disputes with the genuine female appellation the distinction of having originated them. *Jane* (14) is one of the many feminine forms of *John*. It is to be ascribed to the Tudor period for its adoption in England. Like several others of our simplest names, it has specially commended itself to Welsh taste; and it now finds its most ready acceptance westward of the Wye. *Jane* occurs as a surname; but, so presenting itself, it is identified with an ancient Norse word, *Gagn*, gain or victory.\* *Ellen* (15)—or *Ellin*, as we find it commonly spelt in Carnarvonshire—is the same name as *Helen*, *Elayne*, and *Eleanor*. It appears to owe its adoption in England to Plantagenet royalty; but in Wales it was common from the early days of Keltic history. *Emily* (16)—In this name the Teutonic Eve (*Embla*) is represented; † although the Latin *Emilia* is liable to intermix with it. The title is said to have acquired its popularity in our times through the daughter of George II., who was known as the Princess *Emily*, although she signed herself *Amelia*. *Frederick* (17) we have had occasion to speak of before: it is one of the appellations brought to us from Hanover during the last century. Of *Annie* (18) we have also made mention as being merely a diminutive of *Ann*. We now come to *Margaret* (19), a name which is extremely common in Wales, but by no means proportionately so in other parts of the country. The daughter of Henry III. was the first English *Margaret*. *Emma* (20) is properly attributable, says Miss Yonge, to the Normans. She adds that it often appears in the parish registers of Yorkshire and Durham down to the seventeenth century. The Welsh now use the name a good deal; but with them it seems to be a corruption of *Ermin*, from the Latin *Herminius*. *Eliza* (21) is merely an abbreviation of the multifarious *Elizabeth*. The leaning towards a termination in *a*, before spoken of as characteristic of denominational taste during the reign of Queen Anne, appears to be answerable for the curtailment. *Robert* (22) takes us back for its origin to early Teutonic history, and for its settlement in this country to the time of the Conquest. According to one theory of derivation it has originated above fifty of our surnames. ‡ *Arthur* (23)—We should expect, perhaps, to find this famous title most abundant among the Welsh, who, by frequent usage of it, might gracefully do homage still to the saintly British sovereign of old time. But such hero-worship does not appear in the Principality. It is in England that *Arthur* prevails; and the hero worshipped here is not "*Flos Regum Arthurus*," but Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. *Alfred* (24) we have touched upon before. Of all our Anglo-Saxon names it is most dignified by association. It has continuously held a high place in popular esteem, despite the expulsive forces of Norman and other fashions. It is found in *Doomsday Book* as *Alured*;

\* See *The Teutonic Name-System*, p. 174.

† *Ibid.* pp. 142, 143.

‡ For a list of them, see *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1868, p. 413.

and we have already noted that it is distinguishable among surnames in several different forms. With *Edward* (No. 25)—the last name on our list—we have also previously dealt.

Remembering how long a space of time has elapsed since most of the foregoing titles first came into use in England, and how large is the proportion of persons bearing them now, we cannot fail to see clearly that the principle of mere *repetition* is that upon which our personal nomenclature mainly proceeds. If the father's name be *William*, it is most likely that the name of the firstborn son will be *William* too; and when more children appear, the chances are that their titles will be borrowed from other relatives. This principle is manifestly the denominational *vis inertia*, against which the active forces of current sentiment and fashion invariably contend in the first instance at a disadvantage. But such forces do offer, to the conservatism of nomenclature, a continuous although not always triumphant opposition; and those of them which appear to be amongst the most speedy and successful in modifying the old-established stock of appellations, are such as arise out of the tendencies to copy the titles of existing royalty and greatness, and to confer names suggested by religious feeling.

Let us now turn to that remaining one-third of the people which we suppose to be unrepresented in the antecedent table; and let us see what evidences of modern taste and feeling are to be discovered amongst the multitudinous titles thus brought under our notice.

The fancy for royal names still continues in full force. We may remark, indeed, that the name *Victoria* has become but moderately popular. It certainly does not hold a place among our titles even remotely representing the amount of loyalty generally evinced towards its bearer; possibly the un-English form of the word may partially account for the comparative hesitation with which it has been adopted. Far different, at any rate, is the treatment that has been accorded to another conspicuous royal name of our times. *Albert* has rapidly worked its way into prominence, and still seems to be increasingly employed. This name, identical with *Ethelbert*, which we improperly rejected from pre-Norman times till the late Prince Consort brought it back from Germany in a new shape, is found only just beyond the limits of that portion of the registration-table which we have lately quoted; occupying the twenty-seventh place in the table as it stands entire. *Albert*, therefore, may be mentioned as foremost amongst the names of quite recent importation which promise to rival the older titles already dealt with, in the extent of their popularity. We cannot doubt that the favour with which the name has been received, principally results from its having been chosen as a first title for the heir-apparent to the throne; but, probably, the position it occupies also indicates a posthumous respect and admiration for the late Prince.

We find all the children of the Queen making upon the national registers a titular impress more or less distinct. Such an event as the marriage of the Prince of Wales was sure to leave an especial mark upon

the indexes. During the year in which this wedding took place, about 1,500 female children received the name of *Alexandra*, and nearly 3,000 boys were registered *Albert Edward*. The *Albert Alexanders* were also numerous; and the birth registers for the period abound in other indications as to the interest taken in the young couple at the time. The following are some of the combinations which we have noticed that were then conferred as personal names:—*Regina Alexandra*, *Prince Albert Edward*, *Alberta Alexandra*, *Alexander Albert*, *Alexandra Victoria*, *Alexander Denmark*, &c.

We pass on to show how public events of another kind will exhibit themselves in registration. On September 20, 1854, the battle of the *Alma* was fought and won. Traces of the victory forthwith appear in the birth registers: in the indexes for the quarter ended December 31 of the year in question, we discover that 519 children, many of whom prove on further inquiry to have been the infants of soldiers, received the name of *Alma*. It is true, indeed, that this appellation had not been entirely unknown in England before. In relation, doubtless, to its sense as a Latin adjective the word had occasionally already made its appearance in the register-books as a female title. But it was now given to boys and girls alike; and it was also often employed in conjunction with other words which serve additionally to recall the circumstances that led to its frequency. Thus, there are in the indexes many instances of such combinations as the following:—*Alma Balaklava*, *Alma Eugénie*, *Alma Inkerman*, *Alma Inkerman Sebastopol*, *Alma Raglan*, *Alma Raglan Arnaud*, *Alma Victoria*. We have once met with the name *Alma Heights*. Ever since 1854 the appellation *Alma* has continued to hold a respectable place on the pages of the national registers.

But the Russian war has left a more pleasing denominational record behind it than that which consists merely in the titles of generals and of battles. The name *Florence* now stands high among the names of English women. In our table already consulted it occupies among female appellations—taken separately from those of males—the twenty-third place. There can be no doubt that this prominence is to be understood as to a great extent representing public respect for, and individual gratitude towards Miss Florence Nightingale. It was about 1855-56 that the name *Florence* began to spread itself amongst the people; and it has now become an universally favourite title. The couplet *Florence Nightingale* is often to be met with entire amongst the Christian names of children born about this period. If we mistake not, however, *Florence* had received a previous, though lesser impulse about the years 1846-7, when Mr. Dickens's *Dombey and Son* was in course of publication. *Florence Dombey* excited much sympathetic admiration, and we believe that she gave her name to large numbers of young ladies. But we are now speaking from personal remembrance rather than from statistical information.

This brings us to the subject of the influence exercised on Christian

names by fictitious literature. Now that reading has greatly increased amongst all classes, we may expect to find this influence manifesting itself with growing clearness. Unfortunately the sort of fiction which most readily finds its way to the masses, and consequently the titles derivable therefrom, are not always, or indeed generally, distinguished by a high degree of taste. The ambitious but ill-selected names introduced into inferior novels are already too often reproduced as the appellations of the children of artisans. Of the titles now established among us which are attributable to literary works of a better order we may mention *Evangeline*, which, invented by Mr. Longfellow for the heroine of his pathetic and popular metrical romance, has, as our indexes prove, met with a considerable degree of acceptance in England as a Christian name. *Lancelot*, also, has frequently been used of late, probably not without reference to the "Knight of Arthur's court," whom Mr. Tennyson has rendered so famous.

We have said something already as to that remarkable branch of our personal nomenclature which appears to represent religious feeling. In adding a few words on the subject, we will speak at the same time of all titles derived from the Bible, although many of them can scarcely be traced to a devotional spirit or to holy aspiration. The Welsh Calvinists indulge in eccentric names, borrowed from Scriptural words and titles as largely as any body of religionists. We lately found at Bridgend a *Mahershalalhashbaz*. At Tremadoc we came across an *Hosanna*. There was a *Sinai* at Llanidan, in Anglesey; and a *Selah*, near Monmouth. The oddities of Old Testament nomenclature are clearly attractive to some for their own sakes; we have twins in the registers named respectively *Huz* and *Buz*. But, further, the titles of the *bad characters* of the Bible are not unfrequently selected and given to children. Mr. Ferguson, in an effort to show that certain surnames, sounding like the titles of different Scripture personages, are in reality mere corruptions of other words, asks:—"Who, for instance, would be called *Herod*, after the child-slayer; or *Pharaoh*, after the stiff-necked king; or *Judas*, after the arch-apostate; or *Cain*, after the first murderer?"\* Such titles are undoubtedly given. We have found in the registers an *Absalom*, a *Cain*, a *Delilah*, a *Herod*, and a *Pharaoh*;† and we have every reason to believe that had we extended our search we should have been able considerably to add to the list. The most preposterous title taken from the Bible which we have ever lighted upon, occurs in the registers as belonging to the father of a child whose birth was recorded not long after civil registration commenced. It must, therefore, we presume, have been given by some minister of religion at baptism; or, at any rate, it was not bestowed under the auspices of a government officer. It is no less painful an appellation than *Eli lama sabachthani*. An *Acts Apostles* is

\* See *The Teutonic Name-System*, p. 482.

† It is true, however, that some of these may be corrupted surnames used as Christian names.

also to be found in the registers, and a *Talitha Cumi*. A request was recently made to a Norfolk registrar to enter a child's name as *Verily*. On inquiry it turned out that the parent, ignorantly familiar with the scripture expression, "Verily, I say unto you," believed that *verily* was the title of the person addressed! In this case the advice of the registration officer was followed, and a more sensible name selected.

Probably there is often, if not always, some reason, held to be sufficient, for bestowing on infants these distressing or ridiculous prænomena. Not many years ago a mother brought her child to a registrar in Manchester that its birth might be recorded. When asked what name she intended to give her baby she answered *Alpha Omega*. The registrar properly inquired whether she had duly considered the matter, and whether it was her deliberate intention to inflict upon the infant such extraordinary titles. "Certainly," she replied, "the child is my first, and I hope it may be my last."

The multiplication of Christian names is a modern and growing practice. In the course of five-and-twenty years the number of titles conferred at registration has been found to have increased at the rate of about fifty per cent. There are circumstances, of course, under which it may be excusable and convenient to give a child several names; but the mere heaping up of titles for the sake of a sounding combination would seem plainly to point to bad taste, and is apt to call to mind the aristocratic Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. The largest number of names which we have ever known to be given to a child at registration is fifteen. We have ascertained that in this case the appellations were those of fifteen aunts! It is to be remarked that in Wales, where the number of surnames is so limited as to be a cause of frequent mistake and inconvenience, and where the custom of adhering closely to a few hackneyed Christian names further increases the difficulty, the resort to a second title for appellative purposes is not so general as in England. Of late years, however, there is some improvement on this point. But it may be observed that personal distinction in the Principality is often but little aided either by the personal or the family name. If in some country village there you inquire, let us suppose, for a farmer bearing the title *David Davies*, the answer may probably be to the following effect:—"Do you mean *David Davies Pistilleinon*, or *David Davies Bwlchyddwyalit*?" Here *Pistilleinon* and *Bwlchyddwyalit*—the titles of the farms occupied by the men referred to—become virtually the names of the men themselves; and if surnames were now coming into use, these would probably supply the cognomina to be handed down to the posterity of the two *Davieses*. The present excessive monotony of the Welsh nomenclature is in its way as awkward as the cumbersome old system—not long exploded—of heaping upon a man's head the names of his fathers for several generations back; under which system John Jones might have been known as *Evan-ap-Evan-ap-Howell-ap-Hugh-ap-Rhys*, i.e. John, the son of John, the son of Howell, the son of Hugh, the son of Rees. Every



Welshman who revives or imports a good and unworn name for bestowal upon his child, confers a benefit, not upon his child only, but on his country as well.

Beyond the general tendency to use an increased number of Christian names, it is not easy to discover that the fashion of the present day in nomenclature sets conspicuously in any one direction. We have shown that the old denominational forces are still in operation ; and amongst the minority there is undoubtedly a considerable movement going on in favour of mere novelty. Some other lesser tendencies which appear to be at work are not, we think, to be approved. For instance, in the middle classes there is what we hold to be an undignified inclination towards the adoption of the surnames of noble families. We have *Percys, Cecils, Stanleys, Villierses, Howards, Spencers, &c.*, in rather oppressive abundance. There are, of course, frequently other reasons than that to which we refer, for the employment of these and similar titles ; but such reasons are also often wanting. It is a mistake to appropriate a name merely because it is aristocratic : we should rather incite our sons to the task of dignifying one that is plebeian. The practice indeed is only the old denominational worship of greatness in a new form ; but the form is one of the least attractive. The working-classes in our great manufacturing towns, again, are falling into the somewhat opposite error of vulgarising good plain names, by registering them in their nicked or abbreviated shapes. *Dan, Dick, Jack, Poll, Sall* and *Tom* appear too often in the register-books.

One of the most frequent causes of the bestowal of strange Christian names, is the existence of a singular or suggestive surname. This affords a temptation to the display of a denominational jocularity which often proves too strong to be resisted. It happens indeed, not seldom, that such surname is in reality far from denoting what it appears to denote. But this is of no consequence : the sound or look of the word is enough. We have not far to go for examples ; and we will take a few as they present themselves. We notice, in the first place, the name *Sea Gull*. Here the surname *Gull* owns no allusion to the bird which is so familiar upon our shores, although its owners facetiously turn it to account in that sense. *Gull* is likely to be from a Norse word meaning *gold* ; or it may simply denote a dupe or fool. Then the registration indexes also give us *River Jordan*. In this instance the family name, which has its representative in France (as we remember from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) and in other European countries, and which makes its appearance among our own surnames under several different aspects, is, in all probability, what it seems to be. The waters of the sacred stream were often brought here in crusading times to be used for baptismal purposes ; and in these cases the baptized may sometimes have received the name of the river, which name would be liable, like all other personal titles, to become hereditary. Thus the conjunction *River Jordan* may be much more appropriate than its facetious inventors supposed. Some consider, however,



that *Jordan* is a travesty of the word *Hodiernus*—a not unfrequent personal name in former days. *Arch Bishop*, again, is a couplet to be found in the indexes. It is at least doubtful whether the surname has any reference to the ecclesiastical office. Amongst other combinations of the same class, we find in our lists a *Cardinal Wolsey Church*, a *Green Leaf*, a *Christmas \* Day*, a *Lucky Day*, a *Sing Song*, a *Rose Budd*, a *Seaman Skipper*, a *Trial Palmer*, a *Valentine Orson*, a *Shooting Gallery*, a *Royal King*, a *Smart Natty*, and a *Tempest Sleet*. Probably a true explanation of the etymology of most of these surnames would entirely dispel the joecular illusion of the conjunctions.

One extraordinary fancy is shown in the employment of adjectives as names, which, it seems, are often intended as descriptions of the infants to whom they are applied, but which sometimes appear simply to represent the desires of the parents on their children's account. *Amorous*, *Dear*, *Familiar*, *Gracious*, *Marvellous*, *Pleasant*,<sup>3</sup> *Righteous*, *Urgent*, *Wonderful*, are all to be found in the registers. Under the same head, too, must be included the following remarkable and sometimes puzzling combinations, which we have selected for quotation from amongst many others of a similar description:—*Amiable Reading*, *Celestial Miller*, *Charming Nancy Wiltshire*, *Choice Pickrel*, *Dirty King*, *Enough Pearson*, *Giddy Edwards*, *Holy Davies*, *Illustrious Sarah Hendry*, *Modern Leggs*, *Original Bigot Peele*, *Paramount Pye*, *Perfect Sparrow*, *Singular Onion Gallehawk*, *Stubborn Porter*, and *Tempestuous Stinger*. In these we can trace sometimes the disposition of the infant, sometimes the aspirations of the parents on its behalf, but other of the titles baffle comprehension. *Enough* seems one of the strangest: we think, however, that we understand it. It is not improbably an indication that the father who conferred it found his family increasing more rapidly than his income.

But such anomalies and absurdities are but the spray from the great sea of our names. The valuable principle of allowing the titles given at registration to be the direct and unrestrained expression of the parents' wishes must necessarily result in a few extravagances, and these are some of them. Meanwhile, the great mass of our personal nomenclature is, as we have seen, even undesirably wanting in diversity; and in Wales particularly a larger variety of Christian names would be a public benefit.

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\* *Christmas* and *Easter* are often given as Christian names to children born on those festivals. We have known a child named *Conception* on the same principle.

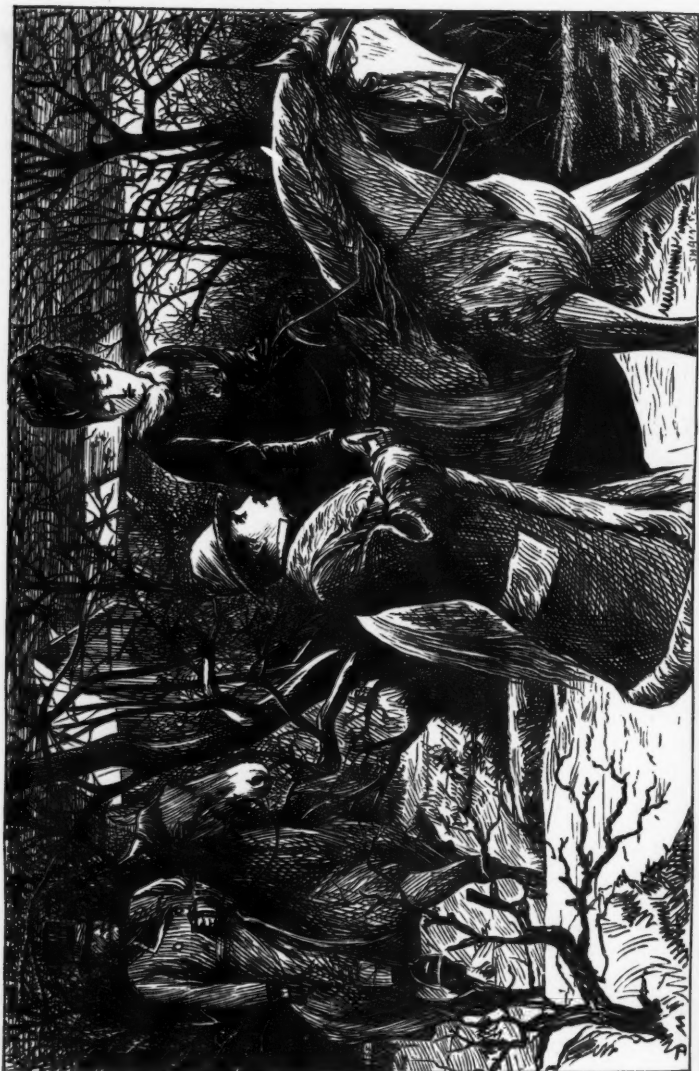
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## The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE TIME OF ROSES.



SAT and thrilled from head to foot with a deeper emotion than joy. Not I but a detached self allied to the careering universe and having life in it.

'Violets are over.'

The first strenuous effort of my mind was to grasp the mean-

ing, subtle as odour, in these words. Innumerable meanings wreathed away unattainable to thought. The finer senses could just perceive them ere they vanished. Then as I grew material two camps were pitched and two armies prepared to fight to establish one distinct meaning. 'Violets are over, so I send you roses;' she writes you simple fact. Nay, 'Our time of violets is over, now for us the roses;' she gives you heavenly symbolism.

'From violets to roses, so run the seasons.'

Or is it—

'From violets to roses, thus far have we two travelled?'

But would she merely say, 'I have not this kind of flower, and I send you another?'

True, but would she dare to say, 'The violets no longer express my heart, take the roses?'

'Maidenly, and a Princess, yet sweet and grateful, she gives you the gracefullest good speed.'

'Noble above all human distinctions, she binds you to herself, if you will it.'

The two armies came into collision, the luck of the day going to the one I sided with.

But it was curiously observable that the opposing force recovered energy from defeat, while mine languished in victory. I headed them alternately, and it invariably happened so.

‘She cannot mean so much as this.’

‘She must mean more than that.’

Thus the Absolute and the Symbolical factions struggled on. A Princess drew them as the moon the tides.

By degrees they subsided and united, each reserving its view; a point at which I imagined myself to have regained my proper humility. ‘The princess has sent you these flowers out of her homely friendliness; not seeing you to speak her farewell, she, for the very reason that she can do it innocent of any meaning whatsoever, bids you be sure you carry her esteem with you. Is the sun of blue heavens guilty of the shadow it casts? Clear your mind. She means nothing. Warmth and beauty come from her, and are on you for the moment.—But full surely she is a thing to be won: she is human: did not her hand like a gentle snake seek yours, and detain it, and bear it away into the heart of her sleep?—Be moderate. Let not a thought or a dream spring from her condescension, lest you do outrage to her noble simplicity. Look on that high Hohenzollern hill-top: she also is of the line of those who help to found illustrious houses: what are you?’

I turned to my father and stared him in the face. What was he? Were we not losing precious time in not prosecuting his suit? I put this question to him, believing that it would sound as too remote from my thoughts to betray them. He glanced at the roses, and answered gladly,—

“Yes! no, no! we must have our holiday. Mr. Peterborough is for exploring a battle-field in the neighbourhood of Munich. He shall. I wish him to see the Salzkammergut, and have a taste of German Court-life. Allow me to be captain, Richie, will you? I will show you how battles are gained and mountains are scaled. That young Prince Otto of Eisenberg is a fine young fellow. Those Austrian cavalry regiments are good training-schools for the carriage of a young man’s head and limbs. I would match my boy against him in the exercises—fencing, shooting, riding.”

“As you did at Bath,” said I.

He replied promptly: “We might give him Anna Penrhys to marry. English wives are liked here—adored if they fetch a dowry. Concerning my suit, Richie, enough if it keeps pace with us; and we are not going slow. It is a thing certain. Dettermain and Newson have repeatedly said, ‘Money, money! hand us money, and we guarantee you a public recognition.’ Money we now have. But we cannot be in two fields at once. Is it your desire to return to England?”

“Not at all,” said I, with a chill at the prospect.

“If it is——?” he pressed me, and relenting added: “I confess I enjoy this Suabian land as much as you do. Indolence is occasionally

charming. I am at work, nevertheless. But, Richie, determine not to think little of yourself: there is the main point; believe me, that is half the battle. You, sir, are one of the wealthiest gentlemen in Europe. You are pronouncedly a gentleman. That is what we can say of you at present, as you appear in the world's eye. And you are by descent illustrious. Well, no more of that, but consider if you kneel down, who will decline to put a foot on you? Princes have the habit, and they do it as a matter of course. *Challenge* them. And they, Richie, are particularly susceptible to pity for the misfortunes of their class—kind, I should say, for class it is not; now I have done. All I tell you is, I intend you, under my guidance, to be happy."

I thought his remarks the acutest worldly wisdom I had ever heard,—his veiled method of treating my case the shrewdest, delicatest, and most consoling, most inspiring. It had something of the mystical power of the Oracles,—the power which belongs to anonymous writing. Had he disposed of my apparent rival, and exalted me to the level of a princely family, in open speech, he would have conveyed no balm to me—I should have classed it as one confident man's opinion. Disguised and vague, but emphatic, and interpreted by the fine beam of his eye, it was intoxicating; and when he said subsequently, "Our majority burgundy was good emperor wine, Richie. You approved it? I laid that vintage down to give you a lesson to show you that my plans come safe to maturity,"—I credited him with a large share of foresight, though I well knew his habit of antedating his sagacity, and could not but smile at the illustration of it.

You perceive my state without rendering it necessary for me to label myself.

I saw her next in a pinewood between Ischl and the Traun. I had climbed the steep hill alone, while my father and Mr. Peterborough drove round the carriage-road to the margravine's white villa. Ottilia was leaning on the arm of Baroness Turckems, walking—a miracle that disentangled her cruelly from my net of fancies. The baroness placed a second hand upon her as soon as I was seen standing in the path. Ottilia's face coloured like the cyclamen at her feet.

"You!" she said.

"I might ask, is it you, princess?"

"Some wonder has been worked, you see."

"I thank heaven."

"You had a part in it."

"The poorest possible."

"Yet I shall presume to call you Doctor Oceanus."

"Will you repeat his medicine? The yacht awaits you always."

"When I am well I study. Do not you?"

"I have never studied in my life."

"Ah, lose no more time! The yacht is delicious idleness, but it is idleness. I am longing for it now, I am still so very weak. My dear



Sibley has left me to be married. She marries a Hanoverian officer. We change countries—I mean,” the princess caught back her tongue, “she will become German, not compatriot of your ships of war. My English rebukes me. I cease to express. . . It is like my walking, done half for pride, I think. Baroness, lower me, and let me rest.”

The baroness laid her gently on the dry brown pine-sheddings, and blew a whistle that hung at her girdle, by which old Schwartz, kept out of sight to encourage the princess's delusion of pride in her walking, was summoned. Otilia had fainted. The baroness shot a suspicious glance at me. “It comes of this everlasting English talk,” I heard her mutter. She was quick to interpose between me and the form I had once raised and borne indisputably.

“Schwartz is the princess's attendant, sir,” she said. “In future, may I request you to talk German?”

The Prince of Eppenwelzen and Prince Otto were shooting in the mountains. The margravine, after conversing with the baroness, received me stiffly. She seemed eager to be rid of us; was barely hospitable. My mind was too confused to take much note of words and signs. I made an appointment to meet my father the day following, and walked away and returned at night, encountered Schwartz and fed on the crumbs of tidings I got from him, a good, rough old faithful fellow, far past the age for sympathy, but he had carried Otilia when she was an infant, and meant to die in her service. I thought him enviable above most creatures. His principal anxiety was about my finding sleeping quarters. When he had delivered himself three times over of all that I could lead him to say, I left him still puffing at his pipe. He continued on guard to be in readiness to run for a doctor, should one be wanted. Twice in the night I came across his path. The night was quiet, dark blue, and starry; the morning soft and fragrant. The burden of the night was bearable, but that of daylight I fled from, and all day I was like one expecting a crisis. Laughter, with so much to arouse it, hardly had any foothold within me to stir my wits. For if I said “Folly!” I did not feel it, and what I felt I did not understand. My heart and head were positively divided. Days and weeks were spent in reconciling them a little; days passed with a pencil and scribbled slips of paper—the lines written with regular commencements and irregular terminations; you know them. Why had Otilia fainted? She recommended hard study, thinks me idle, worthless; she has a grave intelligence, a serious estimation of life; she thinks me intrinsically of the value of a summer fly. But why did she say, “We change countries,” and immediately flush, break and falter, lose command of her English, grow pale and swoon; why? With this question my disastrous big heart came thundering up to the closed doors of comprehension. It was unanswerable. “We change countries.” That is, she and Miss Sibley change countries, because the Englishwoman marries a German, and the German princess—oh! enormous folly. Pierce it, slay it, trample it under. Is that what the insane heart is big with? Through-

out my night-watch I had been free of it, as one who walks meditating in cloisters on a sentence that once issued from divine lips. There was no relief, save in those pencilled lines which gave honest laughter a chance, they stood like such a hasty levy of raw recruits raised for war, going through the goose-step, with pretty accurate shoulders, and feet of distracting degrees of extension, enough to craze a rhythmical drill-sergeant. I exulted at the first reading, shuddered at the second, at the third felt desperate, destroyed them and sat staring at vacancy as if I had now lost the power of speech.

At last I flung away idleness and came to a good resolution; and I carried it through. I studied at a famous German University, not far from Hanover. My father, after discussing my project with me from the point of view of amazement, settled himself in the University town, a place of hopeless dullness, where the stones of the streets and the houses seemed to have got their knotty problem to brood over, and never knew holiday. A fire for acquisition possessed me, and soon an ungovernable scorn for English systems of teaching—sound enough for the producing of gentlemen, and perhaps of merchants; but gentlemen rather bare of graces, and merchants not too scientific in finance. Mr. Peterborough conducted the argument against me until my stout display of facts, or it may have been my insolence, combined with the ponderous pressure of the atmosphere upon one who was not imbibing a counteracting force, drove him on a tour among German cathedrals. Letters from Riversley informed me that my proceedings were approved, though the squire wanted me near him. We offered entertainments to the students on a vast scale. The local newspaper spoke of my father as the great Lord Roy. So it happened that the margravine at Sarkeld heard of us. Returning from a visit to the prince's palace, my father told me that he saw an opportunity for our being useful to the prince, who wanted money to work a newly discovered coal-mine in his narrow dominions, and he suggested that I might induce the squire to supply it; as a last extremity I could advance the money. Meanwhile he had engaged to accompany the prince in mufti to England to examine into the working of coal-mines, and hire an overseer and workmen to commence operations on the Sarkeld property. It would be obligatory to entertain him fitly in London.

"Certainly," said I.

"During our absence the margravine will do her best to console you, Richie. The prince chafes at his poverty. We give him a display of wealth in England; here we are particularly discreet. We shall be surer of our ground in time. I set Dettermain and Newson at work. I have written for them to hire a furnished mansion for a couple of months, carriages, horses, lacqueys. But over here we must really be—goodness me! I know how hard it is!—we must hold the reins on ourselves tight. Baroness Turckems is a most estimable person on the side of her duty. Why, the Dragon of Wantley sat on its eggs, you may be

convinced! She is a praiseworthy dragon. The side she presents to us is horny, and not so agreeable. Talk German when she is on guard. Further I need not counsel a clever old son. Counsel me, Richie. Would it be advisable to run the prince down to Riversley?—a Prince!"

"Oh! decidedly not," was my advice.

"Well, well," he assented.

I empowered him to sell out Bank stock.

He wrote word from England of a very successful expedition. The prince, travelling under the title of Count Delzenburg, had been suitably entertained, received by Lady Wilts, Serena Marchioness of Edbury, Lady Denewdney, Lady Sampleman, and others. He had visited my grandfather's mine, and that of Miss Penrhys, and was astounded; had said of me that I wanted but a title to be as brilliant a *parti* as any in Europe.

The margravine must have received orders from her brother to be civil to me; she sent me an imperious invitation from her villa, and for this fruit of my father's diplomacy I yielded him up my daintier feelings, my judgment into the bargain.

Snows of early spring were on the pinewood country I had traversed with Temple. Ottilia greeted me in health and vivacity. The margravine led me up to her in the very saloon where Temple, my father, and I had sat after the finale of the statue scene, saying,—

"Our sea-lieutenant."

"It delights me to hear he has turned University student," she said; and in English: "You have made friends of your books?"

She was dressed in blue velvet to the throat; the hair was brushed from the temples and bound in a simple knot. Her face and speech, fair and unconstrained, had neither shadow nor beam directed specially for me. I replied,—

"At least I have been taught to despise idleness."

"My professor tells me it is strange for any of your countrymen to love books."

"We have some good scholars, princess."

"You have your Bentley and Porson. Oh! I know many of the world's men have grown in England. Who can deny that? What we mean is, your society is not penetrated with learning. But my professor shall dispute with you. Now you are facile in our German you can defend yourself. He is a deep scholar, broad over tongues and dialects, European, Asiatic—a lion to me, poor little mouse! I am speaking of Herr Professor von Karsteg, lady aunt."

"Speak intelligibly, and don't drum on my ear with that hybrid language," rejoined the margravine.

"Hybrid! It is my Herr Professor's word. But English is the choice gathering of languages, and honey is hybrid, unless you condemn the bee to suck at a single flower."

"Ha! you strain compliments like the poet Fretzel," the margravine

exclaimed. "Luckily they're not addressed to human creatures. You will find the villa dull, Herr Harry Richmond. For my part every place is dull to me that your father does not enliven. We receive no company in the prince's absence, so we are utterly cut off from fools; we have simply none about us."

"The deprivation is one we are immensely sensible of!" said the princess.

"Laugh on! you will some day be aware of their importance in daily life, Ottilia."

The princess answered: "If I could hate it would be such persons." A sentence that hung in the memory of one knowing himself to be animated by the wildest genius of folly.

We drove to the statue of Prince Albrecht Wohlgemuth, overlooking leagues of snow-roofed branches. Again Ottilia reverted to Temple,—

"That dear little friend of yours who wandered out with you to seek your father, and is now a sailor! I cannot forget him. It strikes me as a beautiful piece of the heroism of boys. You both crossed the sea to travel over the whole Continent until you should find him, did you not? What is hard to understand, is your father's not writing to you while he did us the favour to reside at the palace."

"Roy is a butterfly," said the margravine.

"That I cannot think."

"Roy was busy, he was occupied. I won't have him abused. Besides, one can't be always caressing and cajoling one's pretty brats."

"He is an intensely loving father."

"Very well; establish that, and what does it matter whether he wrote or not? A good reputation is the best vindication."

The princess smiled. "See here, dearest aunty, the two boys passed half the night here, until my Aennchen's father gave them shelter."

"Apparently he passes half or all the night in the open air everywhere," said the margravine.

I glanced hurriedly over both faces. The margravine was snuffing her nostrils up contemptuously. The princess had vividly reddened. Her face was luminous over the nest of white fur folding her neck.

"Yes, I must have the taste for it; for when I was a child," said I, plunging at anything to catch a careless topic, "I was out in my father's arms through a winter night, and I still look back on it as one of the most delightful I have ever known. I wish I could describe the effect it had on me. A track of blood in the snow could not be brighter."

The margravine repeated,—

"A track of blood in the snow! My good young man, you have excited forms of speech."

I shuddered. Ottilia divined that her burning blush had involved me. Divination is fiery in the season of blushes, and I too fell on the track of her fair spirit, setting out from the transparent betrayal by

Schwartz of my night-watch in the pine-wood near the Traun river-falls. My feelings were as if a wave had rolled me helpless to land, at the margravine's mercy should she put another question. She startled us with a loud outburst of laughter.

"No! no man upon this earth but Roy could have sat that horse I don't know how many minutes by the clock, as a figure of bronze," she exclaimed.

Ottilia and I exchanged a grave look. The gentleness of the old time was sweet to us both; but we had the wish that my father's extravagant prominence in it might be forgotten.

At the dinner-table I made the acquaintance of the Herr Professor Dr. Julius von Karsteg, tutor to the princess, a grey broad-headed man, whose chin remained imbedded in his neckcloth when his eyelids were raised on a speaker. The first impression of him was that he was chiefly neckcloth, coat-collar, grand head, and gruffness. He had not joined the ceremonial step from the reception to the dining saloon, but had shuffled in from a side-door. No one paid him any deference save the princess. The margravine had the habit of thrumming the table thrice as soon as she heard his voice; nor was I displeased by such an exhibition of impatience, considering that he spoke merely for the purpose of snubbing me. His powers were placed in evidence by her not daring to utter a sarcasm, which was possibly the main cause of her burning fretfulness. I believe there was not a word uttered by me throughout the dinner that escaped him. Nevertheless he did his business of catching and worrying my poor unwary sentences too neatly for me, an admirer of real force and aptitude, to feel vindictive. I behaved to him like a gentleman, as we phrase it, and obtained once an encouraging nod from the margravine. She leaned to me to say that they were accustomed to think themselves lucky if no learned talk came on between the professor and his pupil. The truth was that his residence in Sarkeld was an honour to the prince, and his acceptance of the tutorship a signal condescension, accounted for by his appreciation of the princess's intelligence. He was a man distinguished even in Germany for scholarship, rather notorious for his political and social opinions too. The margravine, with infinite humour in her countenance, informed me that he wished to fit the princess for the dignity of a Doctor of Laws.

"It says much for her that he has not spoilt her manners; her health, you know, he succeeded in almost totally destroying, and he is at it again. The man is, I suspect, at heart arrant Republican. He may teach a girl whatever nonsensical politics he likes—it goes at the lifting of the bridegroom's little finger. We could not permit him to be near a young prince. Alas! we have none."

The professor allowed himself extraordinary liberties with strangers, the guests of the margravine. I met him crossing an inner court next day. He interrupted me in the middle of a commonplace remark, and to this effect:—

"You are either a most fortunate or a most unfortunate young man!"

So profoundly penetrated with thoughtfulness was the tone of his voice that I could not take umbrage. The attempt to analyze his signification cost me an aching forehead, perhaps because I knew it too acutely.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### OTILIA.

SHE was on horseback, I on foot, Schwartz for sole witness, and a wide space of rolling silent white country around us.

We had met in the fall of the winter noon by accident.

"You like my professor?" said Otilia.

"I do: I respect him for his learning."

"You forgive him his irony? It is not meant to be personal to you. England is the object; and partly, I may tell you, it springs from jealousy. You have such wealth! You embrace half the world: you are such a little island! All this is wonderful. The bitterness is, you are such a mindless people—I do but quote to explain my professor's ideas. 'Mindless,' he says, 'and arrogant, and neither in the material nor in the spiritual kingdom of noble or gracious stature, and ceasing to have a brave aspect.' He calls you squat Goths. Can you bear to hear me?"

"Princess!"

"And to his conception, you, who were pioneers when the earth had to be shaped for implements and dug for gold, will turn upon us and stop our march; you are to be overthrown and left behind, there to gain humility from the only teacher you can understand—from poverty. Will you defend yourself?"

"Well, no, frankly, I will not. The proper defence for a nation is its history."

"For an individual?"

"For a man, his readiness to abide by his word."

"For a woman—what?"

"For a princess, her ancestry."

"Ah! but I spoke of women. There, there is my ground of love for my professor! I meet my equals, princes, princesses, and the man, the woman, is out of them, gone, flown! They are out of the tide of humanity; they are walking titles. 'Now,' says my professor, 'that tide is the blood of our being; the blood is the life-giver; and to be cut off from it is to perish.' Our princely houses he esteems as dead wood. Not near so much say I: yet I hear my equals talk, and I think, 'Oh! my professor, they testify to your wisdom.' I love him because he has given my every sense a face-forward attitude (you will complain of my



feebleness of speech) towards exterior existence. There is a princely view of life which is a true one ; but it is a false one if it is the sole one. In your Parliament your House of Commons shows us real princes, your Throne merely titled ones. I speak what everybody knows, and you, I am sure, are astonished to hear me."

"I am," said I.

"It is owing to my professor, my mind's father and mother. They say it is the pleasure of low-born people to feel themselves princes ; mine it is to share their natural feelings. 'For a princess, her ancestry.' Yes ; but for a princess who is no more than princess, her ancestors are a bundle of faggots, and she, with her mind and heart tied fast to them, is, at least a good half of her, dead wood. This is our opinion. May I guess at your thoughts ?"

"It's more than I could dare to do myself, princess !"

How different from the Otilia I had known, or could have imagined ! That was one thought.

"Out of the number, then, this," she resumed : "you think that your English young ladies have command over their tongues : is it not so ?"

"There are prattlers among them."

"Are they educated strictly ?"

"I know little of them. They seem to me to be educated to conceal their education."

"They reject ideas ?"

"It is uncertain whether they have had the offer."

Otilia smiled. "Would it be a home in their midst ?"

Something moved my soul to lift wings, but the passion sank.

"I questioned you of English ladies," she resumed, "because we read your writings of us. Your kindness towards us is that which passes from nurse to infant ; your criticism reminds one of pedagogue and urchin. You make us sorry for our manners and habits, if they are so bad ; but most of all you are merry at our simplicity. Not only we say what we feel, we display it. Now, I am so German, this offence is especially mine."

I touched her horse's neck, and said, "I have not seen it."

"Yet you understand me. You know me well. How is that ?"

The murmur of honest confession came from me : "I have seen it !"

She laughed. "I bring you to be German, you see. Could you forsake your England ?"

"Instantly, though not willingly."

"Not regrettingly ?"

"Cheerfully, if I had my work and my—my friend."

"No ; but well I know a man's field of labour is his country. You have your ambition."

"Yes, now I have."

She struck a fir-branch with her riding-whip, scattering flakes on my head. "Would that extinguish it ?"

"In the form of an avalanche perhaps it would."

"Then you make your aims a part of your life?"

"I do."

"Then you win! or it is written of you that you never knew failure! So with me. I set my life upon my aim when I feel that the object is of true worth. I win, or death hides from me my missing it. This I look to; this obtains my professor's nod, and the approval of my conscience. Worthiness, however!—the mind must be trained to discern it. We can err very easily in youth; and to find ourselves shooting at a false mark uncontrollably must be a cruel thing. I cannot say it is undeserving the scourge of derision. Do you know yourself? I do not; and I am told by my professor that it is the sole subject to which you should not give a close attention. I can believe him. For who beguiles so much as Self? Tell her to play, she plays her sweetest. Lurk to surprise her, and what a serpent she becomes! She is not to be aware that you are watching her. You have to review her acts, observe her methods. Always be above her; then by-and-by you catch her hesitating at cross roads; then she is bare: you catch her bewailing or exulting; then she can no longer pretend she is other than she seems. I make self the feminine, for she is the weaker, and the soul has to purify and raise her. On that point my professor and I disagree. Dr. Julius, unlike our modern Germans, esteems women over men, or it is a further stroke of his irony. He does not think your English ladies have heads: of us he is proud as a laurelled poet. Have I talked you dumb?"

"Princess, you have given me matter to think upon."

She shook her head, smiling with closed eyelids.

I, now that speech had been summoned to my lips, could not restrain it, and proceeded, scarcely governing the words, quite without ideas:—"For you to be indifferent to rank—yes, you may well be; you have intellect; you are high above me in both——" So on, against good taste and common sense.

She cried: "Oh! no compliments from you to me. I will receive them, if you please, by deputy. Let my professor hear your immense admiration for his pupil's accomplishments. Hear him then in return! He will beat at me like the rainy west wind on a lily. 'See,' he will say, when I am broken and bespattered, 'she is fair, she is stately, is she not!' And really I feel at the sound of praise, though I like it, that the opposite, satire, condemnation, has its good right to pelt me. Look; there is the tower, there's the statue, and under that line of pine-trees the path we ran up;—'dear English boys!' as I remember saying to myself; and what did you say of me?"

Her hand was hanging loose. I grasped it. She drew a sudden long breath, and murmured, without fretting to disengage herself,—

"My friend, not that!"

Her voice carried an unmistakable command. I kissed the fingers and released them.

"Are you still able to run?" said she, leading with an easy canter, face averted. She put on fresh speed; I was utterly outstripped.

Had she quitted me in anger? Had she parted from me out of view of the villa windows to make it possible for us to meet accidentally again in the shadow of her old protecting Warhead, as we named him from his appearance, gaunt Schwartz?

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#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### AN EVENING WITH DR. JULIUS VON KARSTEG.

In my perplexity I thought of the professor's saying: "A most fortunate or a most unfortunate young man." These words began to strike me as having a prophetic depth that I had not fathomed. I felt myself fast becoming bound in every limb, every branch of my soul. Ottilia met me smiling. She moved free as air. She could pursue her studies, and argue and discuss and quote, keep unclouded eyes, and laugh and play, and be her whole living self, unfettered, as if the pressure of my lips on her hand implied nothing. Perhaps for that reason I had her pardon. "My friend, not that!" Her imperishably delicious English rang me awake, and lulled me asleep. Was it not too securely friendly? Or was it not her natural voice to the best beloved, bidding him respect her that they might meet with the sanction of her trained discretion? The professor would invite me to his room after the 'sleep well' of the ladies, and I sat with him much like his pipe-bowl, which burned bright a moment at one sturdy puff, but generally gave out smoke in fantastical wreaths. He told me frankly he had a poor idea of my erudition. My fancifulness he commended as something to be turned to use in writing stories. "Give me time, and I'll do better things," I groaned. He rarely spoke of the princess; with grave affection always when he did. He was evidently observing me comprehensively. The result was beyond my guessing.

One night he asked me what my scheme of life was.

On the point of improvising one of an impressive character, I stopped and confessed: "I have so many that I may say I have none." Expecting reproof, I begged him not to think the worse of me for that.

"Quite otherwise," said he. "I have never cared to read deliberately in the book you open to me, my good young man."

"The book, Herr Professor?"

"Collect your wits. We will call it Shakspeare's book; or Göthe's, in the minor issues. No, not minor, but a narrower volume. You were about to give me the answer of a hypocrite. Was it not so?"

I admitted it, feeling that it was easily to have been perceived. He was elated.

"Good. Then I apprehend that you wait for the shifting of a tide to carry you on?"

"I try to strengthen my mind."

"So I hear," said he, drily.

"Well, as far as your schools of teaching will allow."

"That is, you read and commit to memory like other young scholars. Whereunto? Have you no aim? You have, or I am told you are to have, fabulous wealth—a dragon's heap. You are one of the main drain-pipes of English gold. What is your object? To spend it?"

"I shall hope to do good with it."

"To do good! There is hardly a prince or millionaire, in history or alive, who has not in his young days hugged that notion. Pleasure swarms, he has the pick of his market. You English live for pleasure."

"We are the hardest workers in the world."

"That you may live for pleasure! Deny it!"

He puffed his tobacco-smoke zealously, and resumed: "Yes, you work hard for money. You eat and drink, and boast of your exercises; they sharpen your appetites. So goes the round. We strive, we fail; you are our frog-chorus of critics, and you suppose that your brek-ek-koax affects us. I say we strive and fail, but we strive on, while you remain in a past age, and are proud of it. You reproach us with lack of common sense, as if the belly were its seat. Now I ask you whether you have a scheme of life, that I may know whether you are to be another of those huge human pumpkins called rich men, who cover your country and drain its blood and intellect—those impoverishers of nature! Here we have our princes; but they are rulers, they are responsible, they have their tasks, and if they also run to gourds, the scandal punishes them and their order, all in seasonable time. They stand eminent. Do you mark me? They are not a community, and are not—bad enough! bad enough!—but they are not protected by laws in their right to do nothing for what they receive. That system is an invention of the commercial genius and the English."

"We have our aristocracy, Herr Professor."

"Your nobles are nothing but rich men inflated with empty traditions of insufferable, because unwarrantable, pride, and drawing substance from alliances with the merchant class. Are they your leaders? Do they lead you in letters? in the arts? ay, or in government? No, not, I am informed, not even in military service! and there our titled wiflings do manage to hold up their brainless pates. You are all in one mass struggling in the stream to get out and lie and wallow and belch on the banks. You work so hard that you have all but one aim, and that is fatness and ease!"

"Pardon me, Herr Professor," I interposed, "I see your drift. Still I think we are the only people on earth who have shown mankind a representation of freedom. And as to our aristocracy, I must, with due deference to you, maintain that it is widely respected."

I could not conceive why he went on worrying me in this manner with his jealous outburst of continental bile.

"Widely!" he repeated. "It is widely respected; and you respect it: and why do you respect it?"

"We have illustrious names in our aristocracy."

"We beat you in illustrious names and in the age of the lines, my good young man."

"But not in a race of nobles who have stood for the country's liberties."

"So long as it imperilled their own! Any longer?"

"Well, they have known how to yield. They have helped to build our Constitution."

"Reverence their ancestors, then! The worse for such descendants. But you have touched the exact stamp of the English mind:—it is, to accept whatsoever is bequeathed it without inquiry whether there is any change in the matter. Nobles in very fact you would not let them be if they could. Nobles in name, with a remote recommendation to posterity—that suits you!"

He sat himself up to stuff a fresh bowl of tobacco, while he pursued: "Yes, yes; you worship your aristocracy. It is notorious. You have a sort of sagacity. I am not prepared to contest the statement that you have a political instinct. Here it is chiefly social. You worship your so-called aristocracy perforce in order to preserve an ideal of contrast to the vulgarity of the nation."

This was downright insolence.

It was intolerable. I jumped on my feet. "The weapons I would use in reply to such remarks I cannot address to you, Herr Professor. Therefore, excuse me."

He sent out quick spirits of smoke rolling into big volumes. "Nay, my good young Englishman, but on the other hand you have not answered me. And hear me: yes, you have shown us a representation of freedom. True. But you are content with it in a world that moves by computation some considerable sum upwards of sixty thousand miles an hour."

"Not on a fresh journey—a recurring course!" said I.

"Good!" he applauded, and I was flattered.

"I grant you the physical illustration," the Professor continued, and with a warm gaze on me, I thought. "The mind journeys somewhat in that way, and we in our old Germany hold that the mind advances notwithstanding. Astronomers condescending to earthly philosophy may admit that advance in the physical universe is computable, though not perceptible. Somewhither we tend, shell and spirit. You English fighting your little battles of domestic policy, and sneering at us for flying at higher game,—you unimpressionable English, who won't believe in the existence of aims that don't drop on the ground before your eyes, and squat and stare at you, you assert that man's labour is completed when the poor are kept from crying out. Now my question is, have you a scheme of life consonant with the spirit of modern philosophy—with the views of intelligent, moral, humane human beings of this period? Or are you one of

your robust English brotherhood worthy of a Caligula in his prime, lions in gymnastics—for a time; sheep always in the dominions of mind; and all of one pattern, all in a rut! Favour me with an outline of your ideas. Pour them out pell-mell, intelligibly or not, no matter. I undertake to catch you somewhere. I mean to know you, hark you, rather with your assistance than without it."

We were deep in the night. I had not a single idea ready for delivery. I could have told him that washing was a good thing, excess of tobacco a bad, moderation in speech one of the outward evidences of wisdom; but Ottilia's master in the humanities exacted civility from me.

"Indeed," I said, "I have few thoughts to communicate at present, Herr Professor. My German will fail me as soon as I quit common ground. I love my country, and I do not reckon it as perfect. We are swillers, possibly gluttons; we have a large prosperous middle class; many good men are to be found in it."

His discharges of smoke grew stifling. My advocacy was certainly of a miserable sort.

"Yes, Herr Professor, on my way when a boy to this very place I met a thorough good man."

Here I relate the tale of my encounter with Captain Welsh.

Dr. Julius nodded rapidly for continuations. Further! further!

He refused to dig at the mine within me, and seemed to expect it to unbosom its riches by explosion.

"Well, Herr Professor, we have conquered India, and hold it as no other people could."

"Vide the articles in the last file of English newspapers!" said he.

"Suppose we boast of it——"

"Can you?" he simulated wonderment.

"Why, surely it's something!"

"Something for non-commissioned officers to boast of; not for statesmen. However, say that you are fit to govern Asiatics. Go on."

"I would endeavour to equalize ranks at home, encourage the growth of ideas——"

"Supporting a non-celibate clergy, and an intermingled aristocracy? Your endeavours, my good young man, will lessen like those of the man who employed a spade to uproot a rock. It wants blasting. Your married clergy and merchandised aristocracy are coils: they are the ivy about your social tree: you would resemble Laocoon in the throes, if one could imagine you anything of a heroic figure. Forward."

In desperation I exclaimed, "It's useless! I have not thought at all. I have been barely educated. I only know that I do desire with all my heart to know more, to be of some service."

"Now we are at the bottom, then, and it's sound!" said he.

But I cried, "Stay; let me beg you to tell me what you meant by calling me a most fortunate, or a most unfortunate young man."

He chuckled over his pipe-stem, "Aha!"



"How am I one or the other?"

"By the weight of what you carry in your head."

"How, by the weight?"

He shot a keen look at me. "The case, I suspect, is singular, and does not often happen to a youth. You are fortunate if you have a solid and adventurous mind; most unfortunate if you are a mere sensational whipster. There's an explanation that covers the whole. I am as much in the dark as you are. I do not say which of us two has the convex eye."

Protesting that I was unable to read riddles, though the heat of the one in hand made my frame glow, I entreated to have explicit words. He might be in Ottilia's confidence, probing me—why not? Any question he chose to put to me, I said, I was ready to answer.

"But it's the questioner who unmasks," said he.

"Are we masked, Herr Professor? I was not aware of it."

"Look within, and avoid lying."

He stood up. "My nights," he remarked, "are not commonly wasted in this manner. We Germans use the night for work."

After a struggle to fling myself on his mercy and win his aid or counsel, I took his hand respectfully, and holding it, said, "I am unable to speak out. I would if it involved myself alone."

"Yes, yes, I comprehend; your country breeds honourable men, chivalrous youngsters," he replied. "It's not enough—not enough. I want to see a mental force, energy of brain. If you had that, you might look as high as you liked for the match for it, with my consent. Do you hear? What I won't have is, flat robbery! Mark me, Germany or England, it's one to me if I see vital powers in the field running to a grand career. It's a fine field over there. As well there as here, then! But better here than there if it's to be a wasp's life. Do you understand me?"

I replied, "I think I do, if I may dare to;" and catching breath: "Herr Professor, dear friend, forgive my boldness; grant me time to try me; don't judge of me at once; take me for your pupil—am I presumptuous in asking it?—make of me what you will, what you can; examine me; you may find there's more in me than I or anybody may know. I have thoughts and aims, feeble at present—Good God! I see nothing for me but a choice of the two—'most unfortunate' seems likeliest. You read at a glance that I had no other choice. Rather the extremes!—I would rather grasp the limits of life and be swung to the pits below, be the most unfortunate of human beings, than never to have aimed at a star. You laugh at me? An Englishman must be horribly in earnest to talk as I do now. But it is a star!" (The image of Ottilia sprang fountain-like into blue night heavens before my eyes memorably.) "She," was my next word. I swallowed it, and with a burning face, petitioned for help in my studies.

To such sight as I had at that instant he appeared laughing outrage-

ously. It was a composed smile. "Right," he said; "you shall have help in a settled course. Certain professors, friends of mine, at your University, will see you through it. Aim your head at a star—your head!—and even if you miss it you don't fall. It's that light dancer, the gambler, the heart in you, my good young man, which aims itself at inaccessible heights, and has the fall—somewhat icy to reflect on! Give that organ full play, and you may make sure of a handful of dust. Do you hear? It's a mind that wins a mind. That is why I warn you of being most unfortunate if you are a sensational whipster. Good night. Shut my door fast that I may not have the trouble to rise."

I left him with the warm lamplight falling on his forehead, and books piled and sloped, shut and open; an enviable picture to one in my condition. The peacefulness it indicated made scholarship seem beautiful, attainable, I hoped. I had the sense to tell myself that it would give me unrotting grain, though it should fail of being a practicable road to my bright star; and when I spurned at consolations for failure, I could still delight to think that she shone over these harvests and the reapers.

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### CHAPTER XXX.

#### A SUMMER STORM, AND LOVE.

The foregoing conversations with Otilia and her teacher, hard as they were for passion to digest, grew luminous on a relapsing heart. Without apprehending either their exact purport or the characters of the speakers, I was transformed by them from a state of craving to one of intense quietude. I thought neither of winning her, nor of aiming to win her, but of a foothold on the heights she gazed at reverently. And if, sometimes, seeing and hearing her, I thought, Oh, rarest soul! the wish was that brother and sisterhood of spirit might be ours. My other eager thirstful self I shook off like a thing worn out. Men in my confidence would have supposed me more rational; I was simply possessed.

My desire was to go into harness, buried in books, and for recreation to chase visions of original ideas for benefiting mankind. A clear-witted friend at my elbow, my dear Temple, perhaps, could have hit on the track of all this mental vagueness, but it is doubtful that he would have pushed me out of the strange mood, half stupor, half the folding-in of passion; it was such magical happiness. Not to be awake, yet vividly sensible; to lie calm and reflect, and only to reflect; be satisfied with each succeeding hour and the privations of the hour, and, as if in the depths of a smooth water, to gather fold over patient fold of the submerged self, safe from wounds: the happiness was not noble, but it breathed and was harmless, and it gave me rest when the alternative was folly and bitterness.

Visitors were coming to the palace to meet the prince, on his return with my father from England. I went back to the University, jealous of

the invasion of my ecstatic calm by new faces, and jealous when there of the privileges those new faces would enjoy; and then, how my recent deadness of life cried out against me as worse than a spendthrift, a destroyer! a nerveless absorbent of the bliss showered on me—the light of her morning presence when, just before embracing, she made her obeisance to the margravine, and kindly saluted me, and stooped her forehead for the baroness to kiss it; her gestures and her voice; her figure on horseback, with old Warhead following, and I meeting her but once!—her walk with the professor, listening to his instructions—I used to see them walking up and down the cypress path of the villa garden, her ear given to him wholly as she continued her grave-trained step, and he shuffling and treading out of his line across bars, or on the path-borders, and never apologizing, nor she noticing it. At night she sang, sometimes mountain ditties to the accompaniment of the zither, leaning on the table and sweeping the wires between snatches of talk. Nothing haunted me so much as those tones of her zither, which were little louder than summer gnats when fireflies are at their brightest and storm impends.

My father brought horses from England, and a couple of English grooms, and so busy an air of cheerfulness that I had, like a sick invalid, to beg him to keep away from me and prolong unlimitedly his visit to Sarkeld; the rather so, as he said he had now become indispensable to the prince besides the margravine. "Only, no more bronze statues!" I adjured him. He nodded. He had hired Count Fretzel's château, in the immediate neighbourhood, and was absolutely independent, he said. His lawyers were busy procuring evidence. He had impressed Prince Ernest with a due appreciation of the wealth of a young English gentleman by taking him over my grandfather's mine.

"And, Richie, we have advanced him a trifle of thousands towards the working of this coal discovery of his. In six weeks our schooner yacht will be in the Elbe to offer him entertainment. He graciously deigns to accept a couple of English hunters at our hands; we shall improve his breed of horses, I suspect. Now, Richie, have I done well? I flatter myself I have been attentive to your interests, have I not?"

He hung waiting for confidential communications on my part, but did not press for them; he preserved an unvarying delicacy in that respect.

"You have nothing to tell?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I have only to thank you."

He left me. At no other period of our lives were we so disunited. I felt in myself the reverse of everything I perceived in him, and such letters as I wrote to the squire consequently had a homelier tone. It seems that I wrote of the pleasures of simple living—of living for learning's sake. Mr. Peterborough at the same time despatched praises of my sobriety of behaviour and diligent studiousness, confessing that I began to outstrip him in some of the higher branches. The squire's brief reply breathed satisfaction, but too evidently on the point where he had been led to misconceive the state of affairs. "He wanted to have me near

him, as did another person whom I appeared to be forgetting; he granted me another year's leave of absence, bidding me bluffly not to be a book-worm and forget I was an Englishman." The idea that I was deceiving him never entered my mind.

I was deceiving everybody, myself in the bargain, as a man must do when in chase of a woman above him in rank. The chase necessitates deceit—who knows? chicanery of a sort as well; it brings inevitable humiliations; such that ever since the commencement of it at speed I could barely think of my father with comfort, and rarely met him with pleasure. With what manner of face could I go before the prince or the margravine, and say, I am an English commoner, the son of a man of doubtful birth, and I claim the hand of the princess? What contortions were not in store for these features of mine! Even as affairs stood now, could I make a confidant of Temple and let him see me through the stages of the adventure? My jingling of verses, my fretting about the signification of flowers, and trifling with symbols, haunted me excruciatingly, taunting me with I know not what abject vileness of spirit.

In the midst of these tortures an arrow struck me, in the shape of an anonymous letter, containing one brief line: "The princess is in need of help."

I threw my books aside, and repaired to Count Fretzel's château, from which, happily, my father was absent; but the countenance of the princess gave me no encouragement to dream I could be of help to her; yet a second unsigned note, worded in a quaint blunt manner, insisted that it was to me she looked. I chanced to hear the margravine, addressing Baroness Turckems, say: "The princess's betrothal," what further escaped me. Soon after, I heard that Prince Otto was a visitor at the lake-palace. My unknown correspondent plied me a third time.

I pasted the scrap in my neglected book of notes and reflections, where it had ample space and about equal lucidity. It drew me to the book, nearly driving me desperate; I was now credulous of anything, except that the princess cared for help from me. I resolved to go home; I had no longer any zeal for study. The desolation of the picture of England in my mind grew congenial. It became imperative that I should go somewhere, for news arrived of my father's approach with a French company of actors, and desenfing entertainments were at hand. On the whole I thought it decent to finish my course at the University, if I had not quite lost the power of getting into the heart of books. One who studies is not being a fool: that is an established truth. I thanked Dr. Julius for planting it among my recollections. The bone and marrow of study form the surest antidote to the madness of that light gambler, the heart, and distasteful as books were, I had gained the habit of sitting down to them, which was as good as an instinct towards the right medicine, if it would but work.

On an afternoon of great heat I rode out for a gaze at the lake-palace, that I chose to fancy might be the last, foreseeing the possibility of

one of my fits of movement coming on me before sunset. My very pulses throbbed "away!" Transferring the sense of overwhelming heat to my moral condition, I thought it the despair of silliness to stay baking in that stagnant place, where the sky did nothing but shine, gave nothing forth. The sky was bronze, a vast furnace dome. The folds of light and shadow everywhere were satin-rich; shadows perforce of blackness had light in them, and the light a sword-like sharpness over their edges. It was inanimate radiance. The laurels sparkled as with frost-points: the denser foliage drooped burning brown: a sickly saint's-ring was round the heads of the pines. That afternoon the bee hummed of thunder, and refreshed the ear.

I pitied the horse I rode, and the dog at his heels, but for me the intensity was inspiring. Nothing lay in the light, I had the land to myself. "What hurts *me*?" I thought. My physical pride was up, and I looked on the cattle in black corners of the fields, and here and there a man tumbled anyhow, a wreck of limbs, out of the insupportable glare, with an even glance. Not an eye was lifted on me.

I saw nothing that moved until a boat shot out of the bight of sultry lake-water, lying close below the dark promontory where I had drawn rein. The rower was old Schwartz Warhead. How my gorge rose at the impartial brute! He was rowing the princess and a young man in uniform across the lake.

That they should cross from unsheltered paths to close covert, was reasonable conduct at a time when the vertical rays of the sun were fiery arrow-heads. As soon as they were swallowed in the gloom I sprang in my saddle with torture, transfixed by one of the coarsest shafts of hideous jealousy. Off I flew, tearing through dry underwood, and round the bend of the lake, determined to confront her, wave the man aside, and have my last word with the false woman. Of the real Ottilia I had lost conception. Blood was inflamed, brain bare of vision: "He takes her hand, she jumps from the boat; he keeps her hand, she feigns to withdraw it, all woman to him in her eyes: they pass out of sight." A groan burst from me. I strained my crazy imagination to catch a view of them under cover of the wood and torture myself trebly, but it was now blank, shut fast. Sitting bolt upright, panting on horseback in the yellow green of one of the open woodways, I saw the young officer raise a branch of chestnut and come out. He walked moodily up to within a yard of my horse, looked up at me, and with an angry stare that grew to be one of astonishment, said,—“Ah? I think I have had the pleasure—some-where? in Würtemberg, if I recollect.”

It was Prince Otto. I dismounted. He stood alone. The spontaneous question on my lips would have been "Where is she?" but I was unable to speak a word.

"English?" he said, patting the horse's neck.

"Yes—the horse? an English hunter. How are you, Prince Otto? Do you like the look of him

"Immensely. You know we have a passion of English thoroughbreds. Pardon me, you look as if you had been close on a sunstroke. Do you generally take rides in this weather?"

"I was out by chance. If you like him, pray take him; take him. Mount him and try him. He is yours if you care to have him; and if he doesn't suit you send him up to Count Fretzel's. I've had riding enough in the light."

"Perhaps you have," said he, and hesitated. "It's difficult to resist the offer of such a horse. If you want to dispose of him, mention it when we meet again. Shall I try him? I have a slight inclination to go as hard as you have been going, but he shall have good grooming in the prince's stables, and that's less than half as near again as Count Fretzel's place; and a horse like this ought not to be out in this weather, if you will permit me the remark."

"No; I'm ashamed of bringing him out, and shan't look on him with satisfaction," said I. "Take him and try him, and then take him from me, if you don't mind."

"Do you know, I would advise your lying down in the shade awhile?" he observed, solicitously. "I have seen men on the march in Hungary and Italy. An hour's rest under cover would have saved them."

I thanked him.

"Ice is the thing!" he ejaculated. "I'll ride and have some fetched to you. Rest here."

With visible pleasure he swung to the saddle. I saw him fix his cavalry thighs and bound off as if he meant to take a gate. Had he glanced behind him he would have fancied that the sun had done its worst. I ran at full speed down the footpath, mad to think she might have returned homeward by the lake. The two had parted—why? He this way, she that. They would not have parted but for a division of the will. I came on the empty boat. Schwartz lay near it beneath heavy boughs, smoking and perspiring in peace. Neither of us spoke. And it was now tempered by a fit of alarm that I renewed my search. So when I beheld her, intense gratitude broke my passion; when I touched her hand it was trembling for absolute assurance of her safety. She was leaning against a tree, gazing on the ground, a white figure in that iron-moted gloom.

"Otto!" she cried, shrinking from the touch; but at sight of me, all softly as a sight in the heavens, her face melted in a suffusion of wavering smiles, and deep colour shot over them, heavenly to see. She pressed her bosom while I spoke:—a lover's speech, breathless.

"You love me?" she said.

My fingers tightened on her wrist,—

"You have known it!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Forgiven me? Speak, princess."

"Call me by my name."



"My own soul! Ottilia!"

She disengaged her arms tenderly.

"I have known it by my knowledge of myself," she said, breathing with her lips dissevered. "My weakness has come upon me. Yes, I love you. It is spoken. It is too true. Is it a fate that brings us together when I have just lost my little remaining strength—all power? You hear me! I pretend to wisdom, and talk of fate!"

She tried to laugh in scorn of herself, and looked at me with almost a bitter smile on her features, made beautiful by her soft eyes. I feared from the helpless hanging of her underlip that she would swoon; a shudder convulsed her; and at the same time I became aware of the blotting out of sunlight, and a strange bowing and shore-like noising of the forest.

"Do not heed me," she said in happy undertones. "I think I am going to cry like a girl. One cannot see one's pride die like this, without—but it is not anguish of any kind. Since we are here together, I would have no other change."

She spoke till the tears came thick.

I told her of the letters I had received, warning me of a trouble besetting her. They were, perhaps, the excuse for my conduct, if I had any.

Schwartz burst on us with his drill-sergeant's shout for the princess. Standing grey in big rain-drops he was an object of curiosity to us both. He came to take her orders.

"The thunder," he announced, raising a telegraphic arm, "rolls. It rains. We have a storm. Command me, princess! your highness!"

Ottilia's eyelids were set blinking by one look aloft. Rain and lightning filled heaven and earth.

"Direct us, you!" she said to me gently.

The natural proposition was to despatch her giant by the direct way down the lake to fetch a carriage from the stables, or matting from the boathouse. I mentioned it, but did not press it.

She meditated an instant. "I believe I may stay with my beloved?"

Schwartz and I ran to the boat, hauled it on land, and set it keel upwards against a low leafy dripping branch. To this place of shelter, protecting her as securely as I could, I led the princess, while Schwartz hopped a rough trench around it with one of the sculls. We started him on foot to do the best thing possible; for the storm gave no promise that it was a passing one. In truth, I knew that I should have been the emissary and he the guard; but the storm overhead was not fuller of its mighty burden than I of mine. I looked on her as mine for the hour, and well won.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## PRINCESS OTTILIA'S LETTER.

THAT hour of tempest went swift as one of its flashes over our little nest of peace where we crouched like insects. The lightning and the deluge seemed gloriously endless. Ottilia's harbouring nook was dry within an inch of rushing floods and pattered mire. On me the torrents descended, and her gentle efforts drew me to her side, as with a maternal claim to protect me, or to perish in my arms if the lightning found us. We had for prospect an ever-outbursting flame of foliage, and the hubbub of the hissing lake, crimson, purple, dusky grey, like the face of a passionate creature scourged. It was useless to speak. Her lips were shut, but I had the intent kindness of her eyes on me almost unceasingly.

The good hour slipped away. Old Warhead's splashed knees on the level of our heads were seen by us when the thunder had abated. Ottilia prepared to rise.

"You shall hear from me," she said, bending with brows measuring the boat-roof, like a bird about to fly.

"Shall I see you?"

"Ultimately you surely will. Ah! still be patient."

"Am I not? have I not been?"

"Yes; and can you regret it?"

"No; but we separate!"

"Would you have us be two feet high for ever?" she answered smiling.

"One foot high, or under earth, if it might be together!"

"Poor little gnomes!" said she.

The homeliness of our resting-place arrested her for an instant, and perhaps a touch of comic pity for things of such diminutive size as to see nothing but knees where a man stood. Our heads were hidden.

"Adieu! no pledge is needed," she said tenderly.

"None!" I replied, and gained it by abnegation.

She returned to the upper world with a burning blush.

Schwartz had borne himself with extraordinary discretion by forbearing to spread alarm at the palace. He saluted his young mistress in the regulation manner while receiving her beneath a vast umbrella, the holiday peasant's invariable companions in these parts. A forester was in attendance carrying shawls, clogs, and matting. The boat was turned and launched.

"Adieu, Harry Richmond. Will you be quite patient till you hear from me?" said Ottilia, and added, "It is my question!" delightfully recalling old times.

I was soon gazing at the track of the boat in rough water.

Shouts were being raised somewhere about the forest, and were replied to by hearty bellow of the rower's lungs. She was now at liberty to join

my name to her own or not, as she willed. I had to wait. But how much richer was I than all the world! The future owed me nothing. I would have registered a vow to ask nothing of it. Among the many determined purposes framing which I walked home, was one to obtain a grant of that bit of land where we had sat together, and build a temple on it. The fear that it might be trodden by feet of men before I had enclosed it, beset me with anguish. The most absolute pain I suffered sprang from a bewildering incapacity to conjure up a vision of Ottilia free of the glittering accessories of her high birth; and that was the pain of shame; but it came only at intervals, when pride stood too loftily and the shadow of possible mischance threatened it with the axe.

She did not condemn me to long waiting. Her favourite Aennchen brought me her first letter. The girl's face beamed, and had a look as if she commended me for a worthy deed.

"An answer, Aennchen?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes!" said she anxiously; "but it will take more time than I can spare." She appointed a meeting near the palace garden-gates at night.

I chose a roof of limes to read under.

"Noblest and best beloved!" the princess addressed me in her own tongue, doubting, I perceived, as her training had taught her, that my English eyes would tolerate apostrophes of open-hearted affection. The rest was her English confided to a critic who would have good reason to be merciful:—

"The night has come that writes the chapter of the day. My father has had his interview with his head-forester to learn what has befallen from the storm in the forest. All has not been told him! That shall not be delayed beyond to-morrow.

"I am hurried to it. And I had the thought that it hung perhaps at the very end of my life among the coloured leaves, the strokes of sunset—that then it would be known! or if earlier, distant from this strange imperative Now. But we have our personal freedom now, and I have learnt from minutes what I did mean to seek from years, and from our forest what I hoped that change of scene, travel, experience, would teach me.—*Ne te quasiveris extra!*—Yet I was right in my intention. It was a discreet and a just meaning I had. For things will not go smoothly for him at once: he will have his hard battle. *He* is proved: *he* has passed his most brave ordeal. But I! Shall I see him put to it and not certainly know myself? Even thus I reasoned. One cannot study without knowing that our human nature is most frail. Daily the body changes, daily the mind—why not the heart? I did design to travel and converse with various persons.

"Pardon it to one who knew that she would require superfeminine power of decision to resolve that she would dispose of herself!

"I heard of Harry Richmond before I saw him. My curiosity to behold the two fair boys of the sailor kingdom set me whipping my pony

after them that day so remote, which is always yesterday. My thoughts followed you, and I wondered—does he mean to be a distinguished countryman of his Nelson? or a man of learning? Then many an argument with ‘my professor,’ until—for so it will ever be—the weaker creature did succumb in the open controversy, and thought her thoughts to herself. Contempt of England gained on me still. But when I lay withered, though so young, by the sea-shore, his country’s ancient grandeur insisted, and I dreamed of Harry Richmond, imagining that I had been false to my childhood. You stood before me, dearest. You were kind: you were strong, and had a gentle voice. Our souls were caught together on the sea. Do you recollect my slip in the speaking of Lucy Sibley’s marriage?—‘We change countries.’ At that moment I smelt salt air, which would bring you to my sight and touch were you and I divided let me not think how far.

“To-morrow I tell the prince, my father, that I am a plighted woman. Then for us the struggle, for him the grief. I have to look on him and deal it.

“I can refer him to Dr. Julius for my estimate of my husband’s worth.

“‘My professor’ was won by it. He once did incline to be the young bold Englishman’s enemy. ‘Why is he here? what seeks he among us?’ It was his jealousy, not of the man, but of the nation, which would send one to break and bear away his carefully cultivated German lily. No eye but his did read me through. And you endured the trial that was forced on you. You made no claim for recompence when it was over. No, there is no pure love but strong love! It belongs to our original elements, and of its purity should never be question, only of its strength.

“I could not help you when you were put under scrutiny before the margravine and the baroness. Help from me would have been the betrayal of both. The world has accurate eyes, if they are not very penetrating. The world will see a want of balance immediately, and also too true a balance, but it will not detect a depth of concord between two souls that do not show some fretfulness on the surface.

“So it was considered that in refusing my cousin Otto and other proposed alliances, I was heart-free. An instructed princess, they thought, was of the woeful species of woman. You left us: I lost you. I heard you praised for civil indifference to me—the one great quality you do not possess! Then it was the fancy of people that I, being very cold, might be suffered to hear my cousin plead for himself. The majority of our family favour Otto. He was permitted to woo me as though I had been a simple maid; and henceforth shall I have pity for all poor little feminine things who are so persecuted, asked to inflict cruelty—to take a sword and strike with it. But I—who look on marriage as more than a surrender—I could well withstand surpassing eloquence. It was easy to me to be inflexible in speech and will when I stood there, entreated to change myself.

But when came magically the other, who is my heart, my voice, my mate, the half of me, and broke into illumination of things long hidden—oh! then did I say to you that it was my weakness had come upon me? It was my last outcry of self—the ‘I’ expiring. I am now yours, ‘We’ has long overshadowed ‘I,’ and now engulphs it. We are one. If it were new to me to find myself interrogating the mind of my beloved, relying on his courage, taking many proofs of his devotion, I might pause to re-peruse my words here, without scruple, written. I sign it, before heaven, your Ottilia.

“OTTILIA FREDERIKA WILHELMINA HEDWIG,  
“*Princess of Eppenwelszen-Sarkeld.*”

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE ERNEST AND A MEETING WITH PRINCE OTTO.

A MESSENGER from Prince Ernest commanding my immediate attendance at the palace, signified that the battle had begun. I could have waited for my father, whose return, from one of his expeditions in the prince's service, was expected every instant; but though I knew I should have had a powerful coadjutor in him to assist me through such a conference, I preferred to go down alone. Prince Otto met me in the hall. He passed by, glancing an eye sharply, and said over his shoulder,—

“We shall have a word together presently!”

The library door was flung open. Prince Ernest and the margravine were in the room. She walked out with angry majesty. The prince held his figure in the stiff attitude of reception. He could look imposing.

The character of the interview was perceptible at once.

“Be seated,” he said.

I bowed my head, and sat—a disadvantageous thing to do before an irritated man, erect and prepared to put harsh questions. My deliberate method of obeying him served for a reminder of what was due from him to me in courtesy, and he placed a chair in front of me, but could not persuade himself to occupy it immediately.

“You have not, I presume, to be informed of the business in hand, Mr. Richmond!”

“Your highness, I believe I can guess it.”

This started him pacing the floor.

“An impossibility! a monstrous extravagance! a thing unheard of! mania! mania!” he muttered. “You are aware, sir, that you have been doing your worst to destroy the settled arrangements of my family? What does it mean? In common reason you cannot indulge any legitimate hope of succeeding. Taking you as a foreigner, you must know that. Judge of the case by your own reigning Families. Such events

never happen amongst them. Do you suppose that the possession of immense wealth entitles you to the immeasurable presumption of aspiring to equality of position with reigning Houses? Such folly is more frequently castigated than reasoned with. Why, now—now, were it published that I had condescended—condescend as I am doing, I should be the laughing-stock of every Court in Europe. You English want many lessons. You are taught by your scribes to despise the dignity which is not supported by a multitude of bayonets, guns, and gold. I heard of it when I travelled incognito. You make merry over little potentates. Good. But do not cross their paths. Their dominion may be circumscribed, but they have it; and where we are now, my power equals that of the Kaiser and the Czar. You will do me the favour to understand that I am not boasting, not menacing; I attempt, since it is extraordinarily imposed on me, to instruct you. I have cause to be offended; I waive it. I meet you on common ground, and address myself to your good sense. Have you anything to say?"

I rose. "Much, your highness."

"Then, pray, be seated."

He set me the example, repeating "Much?"

From the excitement he was quite unable to conceal it was evident to me that the princess had done her part bravely and fully. I could not suffer myself to be beaten down.

"Much?" he said again, with affected incredulity.

The painful hardship for me was to reply in the vague terms he had been pleased to use.

"I have much to say, your highness. First, to ask pardon of you, without excusing myself."

"A condition, apparently, that absolves the necessity for the grant. Speak precisely."

But I was as careful as he in abstaining from any direct indication of his daughter's complicity, and said, "I have offended your highness. You have done me the honour to suggest that it is owing to my English training. You will credit my assurance that the offence was not intentional, not preconceived."

"You charge it upon your having been trained among a nation of shopkeepers?"

"My countrymen are not illiterate or unmannerly, your highness."

"I have not spoken it; I may add, I do not think it."

"I feared that your highness entertained what I find to be a very general, perhaps here and there wilful, error with regard to England."

"When I was in the service I had a comrade, a gallant gentleman, deeply beloved by me, and he was an Englishman. He died in the uniform and under the flag I reverence."

"I rejoice that your highness has had this experience of us. I have to imagine that I expressed myself badly. My English training certainly does not preclude the respect due to exalted rank. Your highness will,



I trust humbly, pardon my offence. I do not excuse myself because I cannot withdraw, and I am incapable of saying that I regret it."

"In cool blood you utter that?" exclaimed the prince.

His amazement was unfeigned.

"What are the impossible, monstrous ideas you?—where—? Who leads you to fancy there is one earthly chance for you when you say you cannot withdraw? Cannot? Are you requested? Are you consulted? It is a question to be decided in the imperative: you must. What wheel it is you think you have sufficient vigour to stop I am profoundly unaware, but I am prepared to affirm that it is not the wheel of my household. I would declare it, were I a plain citizen. You are a nullity in the case in point of your individual will—a nullity swept away with one wave of the hand. You can do this, and nothing else: you can apologize, recognize your station, repair a degree of mischief that I will not say was preconceived or plotted. So for awhile pursue your studies, your travels. In time it will give me pleasure to receive you. Mr. Richmond," he added, smiling and rising; "even the head of a little German principality has to give numberless audiences." His features took a more cordial smile to convince me that the dismissing sentence was merely playful.

As for me, my mind was confused by the visible fact that the father's features resembled the daughter's. I mention it that my mind's condition may be understood.

Hardly had I been bowed out of the room when my father embraced me, and some minutes later I heard Prince Otto talking to me and demanding answers. That he or any one else should have hostile sentiments towards a poor devil like me seemed strange. My gift of the horse appeared to anger him most. I reached the château without once looking back, a dispirited wretch. I shut myself up; I tried to read. The singular brevity of my interview with the prince, from which I had expected great if not favourable issues, affected me as though I had been struck by a cannon-shot: my brains were nowhere. His perfect courtesy was confounding. I was tormented by the delusion that I had behaved pusillanimously.

My father rushed up to me after dark. Embracing me and holding me by the hand, he congratulated me with his whole heart. The desire of his life was accomplished; the thing he had plotted for ages had come to pass. He praised me infinitely. My glorious future, he said, was to carry a princess to England and sit among the highest there, the husband of a lady peerless in beauty and in birth, who, in addition to what she was able to do for me by way of elevation in my country, could ennoble in her own territory. I had the option of being the father of English nobles or of German princes; so forth. I did not like the strain; yet I clung to him. I was compelled to ask him whether he had news of any sort worth hearing.

"None," said he, calmly; "none. I have everything to hear,

nothing to relate; and, happily, I can hardly speak for joy." He wept.

He guaranteed to have the margravine at the château within a week, which seemed to me a sufficient miracle. The prince, he said, might require three months of discretionary treatment. Three further months to bring the family round, and the princess would be mine. "But she is yours! she is yours already!" he cried authoritatively. "She is the reigning intellect there. I dreaded her very intellect would give us all the trouble, and behold, it is our ally! The prince lives with an elbow out of his income. But for me, it would be other parts of his person as well, I assure you, and the world would see such a princely tatterdemalion as would astonish it. Money to him is important. He must carry on his mine. He can carry on nothing without my help. By the way, we have to deal out cheques?"

I assented.

In spite of myself, I caught the contagion of his exuberant happiness, and faith in his genius. The prince had applauded his energetic management of the affairs of the mine two or three times in my hearing. It struck me that he had really found his vocation, and would turn the sneer on those who had called him volatile and reckless. This led me to a luxurious sense of dependence on him, and I was willing to live on dreaming and amused, though all around me seemed phantoms, especially the French troupe, the flower of the Parisian stage: Regnault, Carigny, Desbarolles, Mesdames Blanche Bignet and Dupertuy, and Mdle. Jenny Chassediane, the most spirituelle of Frenchwomen. "They are a part of our enginery, Richie," my father said. They proved to be an irresistible attraction to the margravine. She sent word to my father that she meant to come on a particular day when, as she evidently knew, I should not be present. Two or three hours later I had Prince Otto's cartel in my hands. Jorian DeWitt, our guest at this season, told me subsequently, and with the utmost seriousness, that I was largely indebted to Mdle. Jenny for a touching French song of a beau chevalier she sang before Ottilia in my absence. Both he and my father believed in the efficacy of this kind of enginery, but as the case happened the beau chevalier was down low enough at the moment his high-born lady listened to the song.

It appeared that when Prince Otto met me after my interview with Prince Ernest, he did his best to provoke a rencontre, and failing to get anything but a nod from my stunned head, betook himself to my University. A friendly young fellow there, Eckart vom Hof, offered to fight him on my behalf, should I think proper to refuse. Eckart and two or three others made a spirited stand against the aristocratic party siding with Prince Otto, whose case was that I had played him a dishonourable trick to laugh at him. I had, in truth, persuaded him to relieve me at once of horse and rival at the moment when he was suffering the tortures of a rejection, and I was rushing to take the hand he coveted; I was so far guilty. But to how great a degree guiltless, how could I

possibly explain to the satisfaction of an angry man? I had the vision of him leaping on the horse, while I perused his challenge; saw him fix to the saddle, and smile hard, and away to do me of all services the last he would have performed wittingly. The situation was exactly of a sort for one of his German fantasy-writers to image the forest jeering at him as he flew, blind, deaf, and unreasonable, vehement for one fierce draught of speed. We are all dogged by the humour of following events when we start on a wind of passion. I could almost fancy myself an accomplice, I realised the scene with such intensity in the light running at his heels: it may be quite true that I laughed in the hearing of his messenger as I folded up the letter. That was the man's report. I am not commonly one to be forgetful of due observances. If I did laugh it was involuntarily.

The prospect of the possible eternal separation from my beloved pricked my mechanical wits and set them tracing the consequent line by which I had been brought to this pass as to a natural result. Had not my father succeeded in inspiring the idea that I was something more than something? The tendency of young men is to conceive it for themselves without assistance; a prolonged puff from the breath of another is nearly sure to make them mad as kings, and not so pardonably.

I see that I might have acted wisely, and did not; but that is a speculation taken apart from my capabilities. If a man's fate were as a forbidden fruit, detached from him, and in front of him, he might hesitate fortunately before plucking it; but, as most of us are aware, the vital half of it lies in the seed-paths he has traversed. We are sons of yesterday, not of the morning. The past is our mortal mother, no dead thing. Our future constantly reflects her to the soul. Nor is it ever the new man of to-day which grasps his fortune, good or ill. We are pushed to it by the hundreds of days we have buried, eager ghosts. And if you have not the habit of taking counsel with them, you are but an instrument in their hands.

My English tongue admonishes me that I have fallen upon a tone resembling one who uplifts the finger of piety in a salon of conversation. A man's review of the course of his life grows for a moment stringently serious when he beholds the stream first broadening perchance under the light interpenetrating mine just now.

My seconds were young Eckart vom Hof, and the barely much older, though already famous, Gregorius Bandelmeyer, a noted mathematician, a savage Republican, lean-faced, spectacled, and long, soft-fingered, a cat to look at, a tiger to touch. Both of them were animated by detestation of the Imperial uniform. They distrusted my skill in the management of the weapon I had chosen; for reasons of their own they carried a case of pistols to the field. Prince Otto was attended by Count Loepele and a Major Edelsheim of his army, fresh from the garrison fortress of Mainz, gentlemen perfectly conversant with the laws of the game, which my worthy comrades were not. Several minutes were spent in an altercation

between Edelsheim and Bandelmeyer. The major might have had an affair of his own had he pleased. My feelings were concentrated within the immediate ring where I stood; I can compare them only to those of a gambler determined to throw his largest stake and abide the issue. I was not open to any distinct impression of the surrounding scenery; the hills and leafage seemed to wear an iron aspect. My darling, my saint's face was shut up in my heart, and with it a little inaudible cry of love and pain. The prince declined to listen to apologies. "He meant to teach me that this was not a laughing matter." Major Edelsheim had misunderstood Bandelmeyer; no offer of an apology had been made. A momentary human sensation of an unworthy sort beset me when I saw them standing together again, and contrasted the collectedness and good-humour of my adversary's representative with the vexatious and unnecessary nagging of mine, the sight of whose yard-long pipe scandalized me.

At last the practical word was given. The prince did not reply to my salute. He was smoking, and kept his cigar in one corner of his mouth, as if he were a master fencer bidding his pupil to come on. He assumed that he had to do with a bourgeois Briton unused to arms, such as we are generally held to be on the Continent. After feeling my wrist for a while he shook the cigar out of his teeth.

The 'cliquetis' of the crossed steel must be very distant in memory, and yourself in a most dilettante frame of mind, for you to be accessible to the music of that thin skeleton's clank. Nevertheless it is better and finer even at the time of action, than the abominable hollow ogre's eye of the pistol-muzzle. We exchanged passes, the prince chiefly attacking. Of all things to strike my thoughts, can you credit me that the vividdest was the picture of the old woman Temple and I had seen in our boyhood on the night of the fire dropping askew, like forks of brown flame, from the burning house in London city! I must have smiled. The prince cried out in French: "Laugh, sir; you shall have it!" He had nothing but his impetuosity for an assurance of his promise, and was never able to force me back beyond a foot. I touched him on the arm and the shoulder, and finally pierced his arm above the elbow. I could have done nearly what I liked with him; his skill was that of a common regimental sabreur.

"*Ludere qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis!*" Bandelmeyer sung out.

"You observed?" said Major Edelsheim, and received another disconcerting discharge of a Latin line. The prince frowned and made use of some military slang. Was his honour now satisfied? Not a whit. He certainly could not have kept his sword-point straight, and yet he clamoured to fight on, stamped, and summoned me to assault him, proposed to fight me with his left hand after his right had failed; in short, he was beside himself, an example of the predicament of a man who has given all the provocation and finds himself disabled. My seconds could have stopped it had they been equal to their duties; instead of

which Bandelmeyer, hearing what he deemed an insult to the order of student and scholar, retorted furiously and offensively, and Eckart, out of good-fellowship, joined him. Thereat Major Edelsheim, in the act of bandaging the prince's arm, warned them that he could not pass by an outrage on his uniform. Count Loepel stepped politely forward, and gave Eckart a significant bow. The latter remarked mockingly, "With pleasure and condescension!" At a murmur of the name of doctor from Edelsheim, the prince damned the doctor until he or I were food for him. Irritated by the whole scene, and his extravagant vindictiveness, in which light I regarded the cloak of fury he had flung over the shame of his defeat, I called to Bandelmeyer to open his case of pistols and offer them for a settlement. As the proposal came from me it was found acceptable. The major remonstrated with the prince, and expressed to me his regrets and *et ceteras* of well-meant civility. He had a hard task to keep out of the hands of Bandelmeyer, who had seized my sword, and wanted *vi et armis* to defend the cause of Learning and the People against military brigands on the spot. If I had not fallen we should have had one or two other prostrate bodies. I walked my part of the twenty-five paces' interval at a quick step, showing a parade front, irresolute about employing the disgusting little instrument I had in my clutch at all. Suddenly I felt a shock as of ice-cold water upon heated lungs. I remember staring at Bandelmeyer's spectacles and nodding like a bul-rush. Eckart caught me. "Give it him off the ground," he cried in a frenzy. "You have a shot! a shot! a shot!" screamed Bandelmeyer, jumping. I could plainly see Prince Otto standing ready to receive my fire. I looked up, and was invited by the swimming branch of a tree to take aim in that direction. Down came the sky. I made several attempts to speak for the purpose of telling Bandelmeyer that it was foolish of him in the open air to smoke a pipe half as long as himself, but nothing seemed to matter much.

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